

RUSSIA'S AIMS IN EUROPE

BY DAVID J. DALLIN

THE CASE FOR PLANNED RESEARCH

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT

OCTOBER 1943



The American Mercury

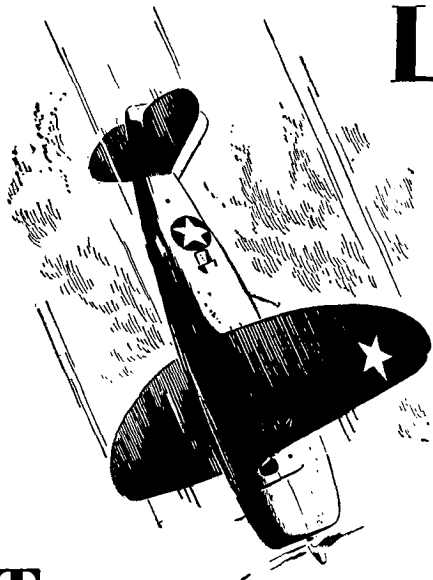


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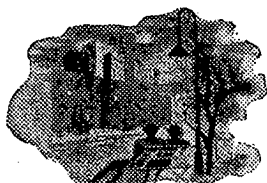
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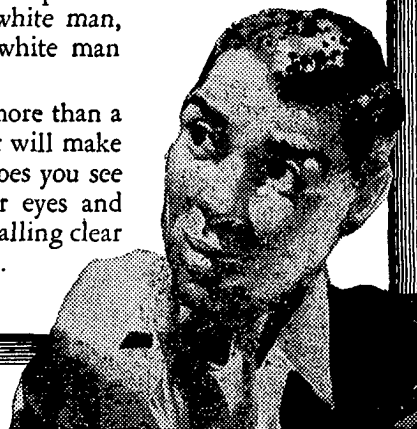
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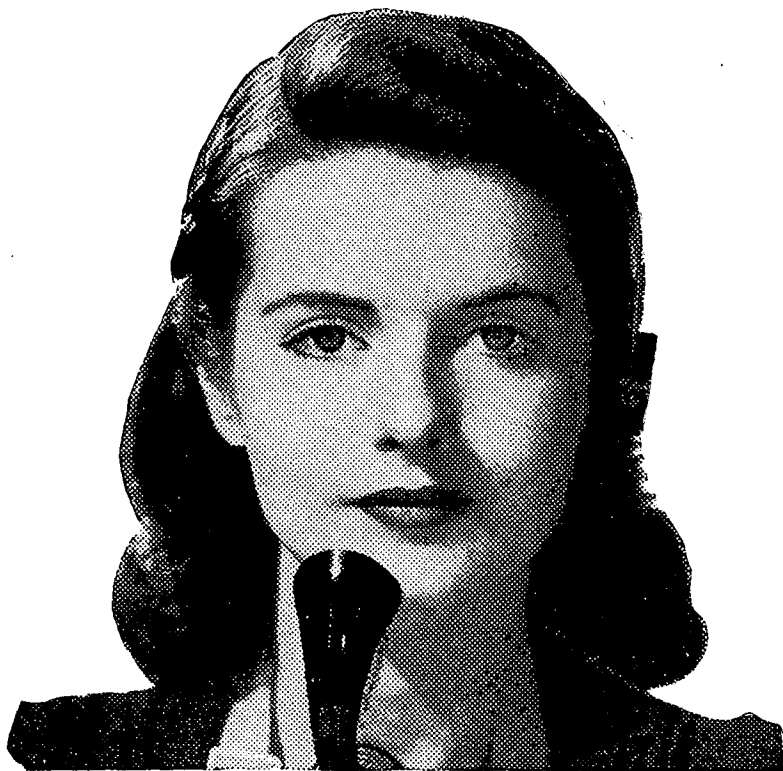
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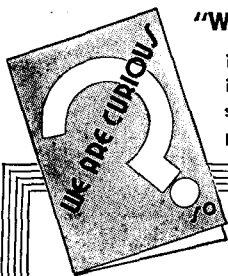


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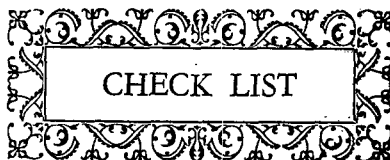
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RUSSIA'S AIMS IN EUROPE

BY DAVID J. DALLIN

THE frenzied search for clues to Russia's aims for postwar Europe reminds one of Poe's purloined letter. While experts were hunting for it in clever hiding places, it was on the surface all the time, ignored because in full view.

Consider the excitement churned up by the publication recently of a manifesto of a self-styled National Committee of Free Germany in Moscow. As astute an observer as Dorothy Thompson set it down as a sudden Russian gesture: "Stalin has lost his patience and taken up the program we should have launched." Yet there is nothing in the mani-

festo not clearly outlined in previous statements from Soviet sources and by German exiles under Soviet influence. The manifesto of July 21 was little more than the expression of a policy for Germany long and openly prepared.

The Kremlin has been no less outspoken on most other aspects of the European reshuffling. On February 23, 1942 Stalin listed Lithuania, Esthonia and Latvia (which he had acquired during the life of the Berlin-Moscow pact) as "Soviet land." Thereafter his officials and newspapers specifically and repeatedly assumed that the

DAVID J. DALLIN is a Russian historian and economist who has been writing on European politics for over two decades. His book *Soviet Russia's Foreign Affairs, 1939-42* was published last December and a companion volume, *Russia and Postwar Europe*, will soon be brought out by the Yale University Press.

line of June 22, 1941 — the westernmost line on the day Hitler struck at the USSR — represents the country's European border. Outright annexation of the Baltic countries, Eastern Poland and portions of Finland and Rumania is thus indicated.

Beyond this stretches a belt, from East Prussia to the Adriatic, populated chiefly by Slav peoples, which the Kremlin has no less candidly designated as its "security sphere." The intentions implicit in the activities of communist-led underground groups, such as the "partisans" in Yugoslavia and Poland, have been made explicit in the statements of Slav leaders in Moscow; in broadcasts from Soviet soil; and in the activities of Moscow committees (such as the Union of Polish Patriots) functioning in effect as rival governments-in-exile.

Finally, there is the program for a resuscitated Germany without Hitler, militarily and industrially vigorous, but geared to the old Bismarckian principle of a Russo-German bloc as a counterweight to the West.

There is little novelty in this general outline of aspirations. Some of it harks back to the Napoleonic era. Much of it follows accurately the claims advanced by the Tsar's government in the first World

War. And even more is a throw-back to the program of Russo-German cooperation promoted by Lenin and after him by Stalin until it was interrupted by the Nazi régime.

In view of the fact that Moscow does not screen its plans for postwar Europe, it seems curious that so many American publicists should insist on concealment. They resent plain speech on the subject, though the plainest comes directly or indirectly from Moscow. It is not at all a question of whether Russia is "right" or "wrong." The problem is not one of political morals but of political engineering. It is sheer nonsense to expect that the German invasion of Russia should automatically have wiped out historical and geographical factors operating for centuries. Nothing is gained by smudging over the inevitable contradictions. On the contrary, the only hope of evolving compromises and adjustments lies in an unblurred understanding of the facts. In the political struggles already shaping up among the enemies of Hitler as his eclipse approaches, delusions can lead only to confusion and disaster.

Only the wilfully blind can fail to see the many areas of disagreement between Russia and the other Axis foes, especially the Anglo-

American group. Against the Churchill-Roosevelt formula of unconditional surrender, Moscow in effect offers to Germany a tempting conditional peace. Washington accords full recognition to small nations whose soil Russia considers integral parts of its own sovereign domain. The Anglo-Saxon powers incline towards regional European federations; Russia is determined to prevent such groupings. Refugee committees and underground forces under Soviet leadership espouse policies in direct competition with exile governments and with other underground groups.

Refusal to face these realities would amount to an admission that the picture is hopeless. Diagnosis is the first step towards cure. The Soviet government has on many occasions shown its flexibility and spirit of compromise — not from sentiment but from a sense of realism. Its country has been brutally hurt — perhaps ten million soldiers and civilians dead, a major portion of its industry in ruins, its food resources depleted to the point of starvation for a majority of its people. Russia needs peace more urgently than any of its allies; its problems of reconstruction are more pressing. Such factors offer points of contact and mutual interest on which an understanding

with England and America might be built.

All of this emphasizes the urgent need for the appraisal of Soviet aims in Europe.

II

The Kremlin is deeply pessimistic about the prospects of durable peace. It does not accept the prevalent division of the history of the last thirty years into war and peace periods, regarding it as a continuous series of upheavals in which the sharp edges of peace and war are blurred. This view it projects into the immediate future. Where Americans and Britishers look for the war to *end*, Soviet leaders expect it merely to *subside* in greater or lesser measure.

Right or wrong, this conception has a determining effect on Soviet policy. The USSR has never put any trust in the pacific claims of other governments. It has accepted skeptically, even with irony, assurances of friendship. Lacking faith in the durability of postwar alliances, it seeks to win strategic positions, in territory and politically, for its own protection. Its long struggle with "capitalist encirclement" has made Russia what Americans call "isolationist" and "Russia-First" in temper.

Russia seeks to insure its interests by widening its sphere of influence in Europe on the territory which separates her from Germany and Italy. The Soviet régime hopes to accomplish this by extending its "strategic frontiers" as far west as possible, and by drawing the remaining area, with a population of over one hundred million, under its political "protection."

The pattern for such "protection" was drawn long ago in Outer Mongolia. That country is not a component part of the USSR. But Red Army forces are garrisoned there and infringement of its borders or interests are accepted as a direct challenge to Russia. The instrument of "protection" is the Mutual Assistance Pact made between the USSR and Outer Mongolia on March 12, 1936.

The same kind of instrument was used to bind the Baltic countries into the Soviet sphere — until an opportunity presented itself for Sovietizing them completely. In August and September 1939 Stalin concluded an agreement with Hitler regarding the division of spheres in Eastern Europe which has not been made public to this day, although its general content is known. Six territories with a combined population of over twenty-three million came under Soviet tutelage.

The agreement bound Russia not to "Sovietize" the Baltic states. Moscow therefore concluded Pacts of Mutual Assistance with them. Though Red troops were garrisoned, there was no intervention in internal life — until June 1940, when Hitler had his hands full in the West. Then the Soviet government effected the full absorption of those territories.

The pact for Poland proposed by Stalin on May 4, 1943 (nine days after the rupture of relations with the Polish government-in-exile) is in essence a Mutual Assistance instrument. An analogous relationship is foreseen with Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and other regions. The extent of Russian control cannot be estimated in advance. But the principle is clear enough. Instead of federating among themselves, and thus achieving real political and military weight *vis-à-vis* Russia, these countries and regions would depend exclusively on Russia. Instead of Churchill's proposed "confederations of states side by side with the great powers," Stalin favors "independent" states, each bound by "mutual assistance" arrangements with its big neighbor.

While the Quebec conference was under way, a new Moscow magazine, *War and the Working Class* (started after the magazine

Communist International was suspended) made Stalin's opposition to any sort of federation amply clear. The importance attached to the editorial is manifest in the fact that the Soviet Embassy in Washington released the full text to the American press. The editorial says in part:

Anti-democratic and semi-fascist elements are striving to prevent the participation of the USSR in the organization of the postwar world, setting up the most fantastic plans in this direction, plans obviously hostile to the Soviet Union. There are quite a few such plans, starting with the plan for creating a Europe divided into various federations, confederations and regional blocs of states.

The editorial puts talk of a United States of Europe in the same category of "anti-Soviet plans." But the proposal for an East European Federation, including Poland and Czechoslovakia, is the one that draws Moscow's hottest condemnation.

The Soviet counter-proposal, for a divided East Europe, under Russian protection, is presented in the propaganda as an alliance between Russia and the Slav countries — a new Pan-Slavism.

The present Pan-Slav movement has only a remote resemblance to the nineteenth century Pan-Slavism. There is no mystic faith in the unique character of the "Slav

soul," no talk about a special historical mission. It is a more elementary and opportunist design to meet a current political situation.

The first All-Slav meeting was staged in Moscow at the very beginning of the Russo-German war, on August 10-11, 1941. Not a word was said about communism or revolution by the professors, writers and military men who attended. The emphasis was on national survival under the big-brother protection of Russia. An All-Slav Committee was elected as a permanent body.

The Second All-Slav meeting took place on April 4-5, 1942. It ended its appeal to all Slavs with the words:

Light comes from the East!
Victory will be ours!

A third meeting took place this May 9, just after the break of relations with the Polish government. It was at this meeting that the creation of a new Polish army, openly hostile to the Polish armies outside the USSR, was announced. It was here, too, that the Moscow-designated leader of the Union of Polish Patriots, Wanda Wasilewska (married to an Assistant Commissar of Foreign Affairs), denounced the Polish government in London as "traitors who agree to serve the Germans."

The organ of the Pan-Slav movement, *Slavyanie*, began publishing in Moscow in July 1942, and described its purpose as aiding "the struggle for national liberation on the part of the Slav peoples, and also *the liberating rôle of the Red Army*." The last formula sums up its general content. The rôle of America and Britain is soft-pedalled or ignored, and Russian friendship is offered as the sole salvation of Slavdom. The magazine has consistently supported the pro-Soviet "partisan" minorities in the guerilla movements, and in general, *Slavyanie* has been little more than a tool of Soviet diplomacy.

The main rôle in the curious Pan-Slav agitation is played by Russians and non-Russian pensioners of Moscow. Admiration for the heroic resistance of the Red forces has enabled them to rally people of Slav origin in the United States, England, Argentine and elsewhere to serve as pressure groups for the Soviet viewpoint. Radio broadcasts in all Slav tongues emanate from Soviet soil. All urge alliance with Russia and encourage new organizations in opposition to the London governments recognized by the United Nations. The official organ of the Union of Polish Patriots in Moscow, *Wolna Polska*, has stated bluntly that after

Germany's defeat Poland must choose between the victors — in favor of the Soviet Union:

The national interests of Poland demand that after the war she lean on our great, democratic neighbor, the Soviet Union. Every policy aiming at tying up the fate of Poland to that of any imperialism . . . is bound to lead to a new national catastrophe.

That choice is also involved in the notorious struggle between the pro-Allied and pro-Russian guerilla fighters in Yugoslavia. The refusal of the Chetniks, under General Mihailovich, to accept the Pan-Slav formula made him the object of a world-wide defamation. Broadcasts from Soviet soil warned against "the traitors, the Chetniks of Mihailovich." The *Communist International* wrote in May 1942: "The partisans swear to fight for their Yugoslavia and to struggle together with the Red Army" — an unobvious hint that they would resent intrusions of Allied armies.

In Poland, too, the "partisans" are in open conflict with the rest of the underground forces. The latter recognize and are closely integrated with the London government, whereas the "partisans" look to Moscow for leadership and to the Red Army and the new Polish Kosciuszko Division as the spearheads of liberation.

It should be noted here that

Russian and Allied views on the European "underground" have been sharply different. London and Washington hope to prepare European nations for a free choice of governments *after* the liberation, but Russia favors revolutionary political action *now*, in advance of liberation.

The dominant tendency in the underground and guerilla resistance to the Axis has been one of restraint — sabotage and terror but no actual uprisings until the approach of liberating Allied armies. United Nations propaganda has warned against premature rebellions. This is unacceptable to Moscow, which views guerilla resistance as a synthesis of anti-German military action and popular revolutionary action. In Eastern Europe, "partisan" organizations have become essentially points of support for the future sphere of Soviet dominance, and in Western Europe communist-led underground groups have become nuclei of social revolution.

Moscow broadcasts have called for immediate uprisings while British, American, Dutch and other spokesmen were urging caution. The Russian station "Free Yugoslavia" has denounced the Yugoslav government and its supporters for "proclaiming the slogan of in-

action." *Wolna Polska* has declared: "We regard the policy of passivity, of waiting, as treason to the interests of Poland." Similar clashes of view — covering but not concealing a great gulf between the London governments and the part of the underground under Kremlin influence — have also appeared in relation to Holland, France, Czechoslovakia and other countries. It cannot be denied that the struggle inside the occupied nations has some of the elements of a contest between Eastern and Western orientations.

Security spheres, of course, can assume a variety of forms, from total inclusion in the Soviet Union to loose ties on the basis of treaties. Czechoslovakia, through the Beneš government, for instance, has accepted the security sphere idea in the hopes that its own ties can remain very loose. Moscow understands well enough that the actual forms of its dominance in the sphere will depend in large measure on the attitude of other victorious great powers, and upon public opinion in Europe as a whole. Its chief purpose at this stage is to obtain United Nations acceptance of the general principle. Stalin will probably agree to any political or legal form, provided it gives Russia actual supremacy in the political

life of the given sphere. It may, for instance, be willing to undertake not to "Sovietize" these countries — its dissolution of the Comintern was in part a gesture in this direction. But it will require, as a minimum, that the governments in this area conform their foreign and military policies to those of Moscow.

Thus, to sum up, in Eastern Europe the Soviet government aims to extend a kind of protectorate, as an initial move, with closer integration of policy and economy in the future, as opportunity permits. It will readily forego Sovietization, being content with "democratic" governments of the most varied social composition, provided their military and diplomatic life is tied firmly into the Soviet scheme. Moscow will regard every attempt at federation that would raise the aggregate self-reliance of the Slav areas, Hungary, Rumania and Finland as a hostile combination.

III

Soviet aspirations with regard to Germany are, of course, central to the entire Moscow view of post-war Europe. Indications of the Russian views are many and impressive.

"We have always maintained

that a strong Germany was the condition for a durable peace," Foreign Commissar Molotov said on October 31, 1939. Strangely enough, this remained the Russian view, with variations, even after Hitler broke the Soviet-Nazi neutrality and friendship pact. A German Communist Party broadcast from Moscow on July 20, 1941, a month after the Germans invaded the Soviet Union, still called "for the restoration of the inviolable alliance between the German people and the USSR."

From the start the Soviet leaders made it clear that they were fighting Hitler and his associates, but had no desire to weaken, let alone destroy, Germany. In a magazine article reporting his visit with Stalin (*American Magazine*, December 1941) Harry Hopkins made an observation which few people took the trouble to understand at the time. Stalin, he said, directed his passionate hatred against Hitler, not against the German people — *or the German General Staff*. And on February 23, 1942, Stalin said:

Occasionally the foreign press engages in prattle to the effect that the Red Army's aim is to exterminate the German people and destroy the German state. This is, of course, a stupid lie and a witless slander against the Red Army. . . . It would be ridiculous to identify

Hitler's clique with the German people and the German state. History shows that the Hitlers come and go, but the German people and the German state remain.

On November 6, 1942, he repeated this assurance in stronger form. "It is not our aim to destroy all military force in Germany," he said; Hitler's armies must be defeated, but "the destruction of all German military force is inadvisable from the point of view of the victor."

This approach, obviously, is out of tune with United Nations views and propaganda. Official speeches and democratic public opinion in Britain and the United States have left little doubt of a determination to smash Germany beyond easy resurrection as a great power. That it will be totally disarmed and deprived of its war industries is taken for granted, and there has even been talk of dismemberment.

But the more dire the American threats against Germany, culminating in the unconditional surrender formula, the more outspoken have been Russia's counter-proposals. As against a "hard" peace from the Anglo-American bloc, Moscow propaganda held out the chance for a "soft" peace from the East. However the facts may be disguised, they have amounted to a kind of bargaining between

two contrasting tendencies within the coalition of Germany's enemies.

The idea of Russo-German co-operation as a counterweight to the might of Western nations is not new. It was central in Prince von Bismarck's thinking in his day, and Lenin's in his. Soviet Russia from the outset opposed the Versailles settlement, demanding — and secretly helping — the rearming of Germany. (The Communist Party and the Nazis outdid each other, during the Weimar period, in condemning Versailles.) The relations between the Reichswehr and the Red Army were friendly. Many phases of military activity forbidden to the Germans by the Versailles Treaty were conducted on Russian soil, so that an intimate exchange of military information developed. Many of the military techniques now used by the Germans against Russia — and by the Russians against the Germans — were first worked out cooperatively before 1933.

Both within the Nazi Party and the German Army there have been strong elements favoring alignment with Russia against the West. These tendencies had their day of triumph when Molotov and Von Ribbentrop signed their pact in August 1939. The scrapping of the

pact marked the defeat of such views — but not their extinction. Moscow has never forgotten the fact that it had friends within the Nazi fold, and especially within the German Army: Germans who saw in a combination with Russia their only hope of checkmating the West.

Almost immediately after Hitler struck, Stalin began to implement his program of a purged but effective Germany. German prisoners were sifted, investigated and indoctrinated to provide *cadres* for an eventual pro-Russian revival in Germany. As early as October 8, 1941, the first conference of German war prisoners took place — in Soviet Camp No. 58. Nazis were not excluded; on the contrary, ex-members of the Hitler Youth were given a place of honor. While German communist exiles took the lead, all segments of German society were represented.

The conference issued a manifesto condemning "atrocities of the Hitler gangsters in the occupied regions of Soviet Russia, *the country that has always opposed the Versailles Treaty.*" It added that

in overthrowing Hitler, the German people will take a very important step towards regaining the confidence of the Soviet people. And this confidence will be a guarantee of the freedom and independence of Germany.

Walter Ulbricht, German communist leader now prominent in the National Committee of Free Germany, ran the show at this first of many political congresses of "reformed" war captives. Prisoners from Slav satellites of the Axis also held meetings and made statements. They promised to "brother Slavs" an "hour of vengeance" and asserted that the freedom of Slav peoples must come under the protection of the Red Army — "our hope and our shield." Thus, four months after the start of Russo-German hostilities, Moscow was in essence outlining both its security sphere and its promise of a strong Germany enjoying the friendship of Russia after the overthrow of Hitler.

In the following years the Slav phase flowered in the Pan-Slav movement, the "partisan" organizations, the Union of Polish Patriots, Free Yugoslavia, etc. The German phase found expression in Stalin's pronouncements and in an array of magazines, articles, pamphlets by so-called "Free Germany" groups. One of the most active of these groups is located in Mexico City, where it publishes *Freies Deutschland*. Its propaganda, ever since 1941, has been an almost verbatim forecast of the recent Moscow manifesto.

In March 1942, a proclamation

in approximately the same vein — promising a strong Germany as reward for a surrender to Russia — was signed by former German deputies, writers, trade unionists residing both in Moscow and in Mexico. And in its issue of March 1943, *Freies Deutschland* made public a declaration, allegedly drawn up in the Rhineland, which proposed a coalition of

parties and organizations, those eliminated by Hitler as well as forces in the army and the opposition inside the National Socialist camp. . . . We have in view the adherents of the big former parties — the Center Party, the Deutschnationale Volks-Partei, the Communist Party, the Social Democratic Party; the members of the former Christian and Free Trade Unions. . . . Former member of the SA and even those who technically are members of the National Socialist organization at present.

That declaration ended with an appeal “to all honorable officers and soldiers who are inspired with a truly national spirit to construct together with the people law and order in Germany.”

Far from being startlingly new, therefore, the recent Moscow manifesto is simply a reiteration of familiar Soviet proposals. It is signed by leading German communists like Pieck and Ulbricht, but its social composition is as varied as that indicated in the supposed Rhineland proclamation. Both in

the personnel and in the text there is an open appeal to German nationalism and a promise of “amnesty for all Hitler adherents who in good time will renounce him.” A great-grandson of Bismarck, Count Heinrich von Einsiedel, is among the signatories — token of the Bismarckian policy of Russo-German rapprochement. Standard heroes of the new German youth — “von Stein, Arndt, Clausewitz, York and others” — are invoked. They have in common the fact that they served their fatherland by collaborating with Russia.

The manifesto poses two alternatives before Germans, in particular before German Nazis and Army men. The first is the “overthrow of Hitler by the coalition armies,” which would lead to “the end of national independence,” “dismemberment of our fatherland,” and a treaty harsher than Versailles. The second is a revolutionary overthrow of Hitler and

Formation of a genuine national German Government . . . on an equal footing with other nations . . . a strong democratic power that will have nothing in common with the helpless Weimar régime; a democracy that will be implacable, that will ruthlessly suppress any attempt at new plots against the rights of free people or against European peace.

Despite the use of the word “democratic” — a word which the

Kremlin applies to its own dictatorship, too — what is promised to revolting military men, Nazis and others is a strong, regimented régime. That's the *motif* of "law and order" we noted in the "Rhineland proclamation." What is apparently envisaged is a new authoritarian coalition composed of Prussian officers, ex-Nazis and national communists. Their "Eastern orientation," now as in the past, would be the cementing element; the fear of national annihilation by British and American conquerors would be the unifying force.

Russia, facing the colossal tasks of reconstruction, needs the support of German technical skills and German industry. It cannot regard the blotting out of that industrial might with the same equanimity as Americans or Englishmen do. Deprived of the backing of German industry, it would be too dependent on British and American economy, and thus at a disadvantage in the political maneuvering which Stalin foresees in the years ahead. There has been nothing in Stalin's behavior to indicate that he has relaxed his deep-rooted distrust of the Western "plutocracies," and it is not unnatural that he should want a Germany strong enough to act as a brake on them.

Such, in sketchy outline, are the

Soviet aims for Europe. This does not mean that the Kremlin will not accept less. The Bolsheviks are opportunists in foreign affairs. Everything depends on the course of military events.

London as well as Washington foresee that in case the Allied armies, rather than the Red Army, act as the direct liberating force in the Balkans and Central Europe, the political weight of Russia will be reduced, and the cards will necessarily be reshuffled. The German officers and the Nazi dissidents to whom the Moscow manifesto is primarily addressed may be unable to "deliver," even if they should wish to act on Moscow's tempting offer. The fall of Hitler may bring with it such social convulsions that these groups will find themselves helpless; possibilities for popular action outside of extreme Rightist and communist elements may then be opened up.

But as an indication of Soviet political strategy and aspirations for the immediate future the aims here outlined cannot be ignored. British-American public opinion faces a decisive challenge. Their chances of success will be much greater if the American and British people comprehend the nature of the tasks and the difficulties.

► *Boogie woogie and Beethoven
are only distantly related.*

IS JAZZ MUSIC?

BY WINTHROP SARGEANT

EVERY twenty years or so the intelligentsia regularly rediscovered the popular music of the American Negro, gives some manifestation or other of it a new name (ragtime, jazz, hot jazz or swing) and begins hurling gauntlets and breaking lances in its defense. As a rule the type, or facet, of jazz that causes this flurry is soon absorbed into the main body of commonplace, commercial popular music and is imitated and repeated *ad nauseam*, until the intelligentsia itself gets tired of it. But while the flurry lasts, jazz takes its place among the most talked about cultural issues of the day. Phonograph records are collected. Jazz concerts are held in the most impressively conservative American concert halls and highbrow critics discuss them, a little self-consciously. Books and magazine articles are written about the aesthetic significance of jazz and about the artistry of the popular virtuosos who play it. It is

even argued that the great musical issue of the day is that of jazzism *vs.* "classicism," that jazz is in some way the American successor to the venerable and complex European art of concert music, its tunesmiths and improvising virtuosos the latter day equivalents of so many Beethovens and Wagners. Bach, after all, used to improvise too.

Considered merely as a social phenomenon, jazz leaves its unfriendly critics in the position of King Canute. You can't ignore an art that makes up 70 per cent of the musical diet of a whole nation, even if its primitive wails and thumps fail to fit the aesthetic categories of refined music criticism. Jazz has often been innocently described as a "folk music." And, considered purely as music, it is one. But its powers over the common man's psyche are not even vaguely suggested by that term. No other folk music in the world's

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history has ever induced among normal people such curious psychopathic aberrations as the desire to wear a zoot suit, smoke hashish or jabber cryptic phrases of jive language. None, probably, has ever produced waves of mass hysteria among adolescents like those recently associated with the swing craze. Nor has any folk music ever before constituted the mainstay of half a dozen nation-wide publishing, recording and distributing industries.

Jazz, even from the aesthetic point of view, is a mildly interesting form of music. Its curious hybrid musical dialect — a mixture of European syntax and Negroid inflection — is richer and more expressive than that used by many a contemporary highbrow composer. The best of it is fresh, exuberant, insinuating, even to musically educated ears. Its less commercially stereotyped forms — notably the so-called “New Orleans style” recorded by uneducated Negro bands early in the century — have something of the directness, sincerity and naïve charm of primitive painting.

Yet when you try to approach jazz from a critical point of view, you are immediately struck by a curious split which divides almost every aspect of jazz from any real

correspondence with so-called “classical” music. For all the spectacular attempts of Benny Goodman and others to bridge the gap, it still remains generally true that jazz players can’t play “classical,” and that “classical” players can’t play jazz. Not one jazz fan in a thousand has any interest in “classical” music, and very few serious concertgoers feel anything more cordial than mild irritation when they listen to jazz. Attempted mixtures of the two idioms invariably act like oil and water. Jazzed classics and symphonies with jazz themes have a tendency to ruffle tempers in both camps. Even the impartial critic is stumped for any scale of similar standards in the two arts. Though many a jazz aesthete has tried to, you can’t compare a Louis Armstrong solo to a Josef Szigeti sonata performance, or a Bessie Smith blues to a Chopin nocturne. There isn’t any common ground.

II

It is fashionable in intellectual quarters today to ignore this gap between jazz and “classical,” and to write and talk about jazz in the loftiest of musical jargons. The result has been a flood of the most amazing aesthetic double-talk ever penned in English. Even since the

pundit Hugues Panassié discovered *le jazz hot* in a French chateau full of phonograph records, the world of intellectual jazz addicts has been calling a spade a *cuiller à caviar*. The ebullient, hit-or-miss ensemble of a New Orleans stomp is reverently described as "counterpoint;" the cheerfully thumping art of boogie woogie becomes a type of "improvised variation form" comparable to the classical *chaconne*; the jazz trumpeter's exuberant and raucous lapses from true pitch are mysteriously referred to as "quarter tones" or "atonality." To dance to jazz (which is just what its primitive Negro originators would do) becomes a sacrilege.

Highbrow composers have also tried bridging the gap. The idea that an amalgamation of jazz with such traditional forms as the sonata or the symphony might result in an American style of concert music is too attractive to be ignored. American composers have repeatedly written jazz symphonies, jazz concertos, jazz rhapsodies and jazz fugues. But they usually discard the idea after a few experiments, and they never succeed in using jazz as anything but a superficial, ornamental embellishment, as they might, say, use a Balinese or Algerian tune for local color. Their

so-called jazz composition is not jazz at all — as any jitterbug can tell from the first note. Its rigid, highbrow musical structure prohibits the very type of improvisation that makes jazz fun to listen to. It remains a "classical" composition with jazz-style trimmings, about as American and about as homogeneous as a Gothic cathedral with a shingle roof.

Why does this peculiar split exist? The answer, I think, will be found by clearing away the pseudo-classical verbiage of the jazz critic and looking at the aesthetic nature of jazz itself. Jazz, for all the enthusiasms of its intellectual fans, is not music in the sense that an opera or a symphony is music. It is a variety of folk music. And the distinction between folk music and art music is profound and nearly absolute. The former grows like a weed or a wild flower, exhibits no intellectual complexities, makes a simple, direct emotional appeal that may be felt by people who are not even remotely interested in music as an art. It may be pretty to listen to, but it is not subject to intellectual criticism, for it lacks the main element toward which such criticism would be directed: the creative ingenuity and technique of an unusual, trained musical mind.

The latter (art music) is an art as complicated as architecture. It begins where folk music leaves off, in the conscious creation of big musical edifices that bear the stamp, in style and technique, of an individual artist. Its traditions — the rules of its game — are complicated and ingenious. They are the result of centuries of civilized musical thinking by highly trained musicians for audiences that are capable of judging the finer points of such thought. Art music is no weed patch. It is a hothouse of carefully bred and cultivated masterpieces, each one the fruit of unusual talent and great technical resourcefulness. You may prefer the open fields of folk music to the classical hothouse. That is your privilege. But if so, you are simply not interested in music as an art. And it is no good getting snobbish about your preference, and pretending that your favorite musical wildflower is a masterpiece of gardening skill. It isn't.

Thus, the remarks "I prefer early New Orleans jive to *Tristan and Isolde*," or "I prefer Kirsten Flagstad to Ethel Waters" are not really critical or evaluative statements, though they may express perfectly sincere feeling. They are like saying, "I prefer Texas steers to race horses" — an understandable pref-

erence, but one that has little relevance to the game of horse racing. "But, after all, hasn't jazz got melody, rhythm and harmony, and aren't these attributes of concert music?" Of course. But the uses to which these materials are put differ greatly in the two arts. Harmony, in jazz, is restricted to four or five monotonous patterns which support the florid improvisations of the soloist like a standardized scaffolding. These patterns never differ, never make any demands on creative ingenuity. Virtually every blues, for example, uses precisely the same harmony as every other blues, which incidentally is the identical harmony used for every boogie woogie improvisation too. Rhythmically, jazz is somewhat more ingenious, but not much more varied. It is limited to four-four or two-four time, and its finest effects are the result of hysteria rather than thought.

Melodically, jazz is often strikingly beautiful and original. But jazz melody, like all folk melody, is of the amoebic rather than the highly organized type. Jazz melody, unlike highbrow melody, consists of tunes rather than themes. These tunes are as simple and self-contained as one-cell animals. They can be repeated, sometimes with

embellishments and variations, but they are incapable of being formed into higher musical organisms. Cell for cell, or melody for melody, they often compare favorably with the themes of highbrow music. The melody of Bessie Smith's *Cold in Hand Blues*, for example, is a much more beautiful tune than the "V for Victory" theme of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*. But when you have played it, that is all there is—a beautiful self-sufficient amoeba. Beethoven's crusty theme is a cell of a different sort, almost without significance by itself, but capable of reproducing itself into a vast, intricate symphonic organism with dramatic climaxes and long range emotional tensions.

The jazz artist, like all folk musicians, creates his one-cell melodies by instinct and repeats them over and over again, perhaps with simple variations. The composer of art music, on the other hand, is interested in one-cell melodies only as raw material. His creative mind begins where the instinct of the folk musician leaves off, in building such material into highly organized forms like symphonies and fugues. It is the technique and ingenuity with which he accomplishes this job that is the main subject of music criticism. And that is why music criticism sounds pompous

and misses its mark when it is applied to a folk art like jazz.

Having no intellectual principles of structure, jazz is incapable of development. Aside from a few minor changes in fashion, its history shows no technical evolution whatever. Boogie woogie pianism, for example, has recently come into a tremendous vogue among the long-haired jazz addicts. But it differs in no structural particular from the blues that were sung in New Orleans at the turn of the century. This lack of evolution, which is an attribute of all folk music, is another of the outstanding differences between jazz and concert music. The history of art music shows a continuous development of structural methods. Such variations as do occur from time to time in the style of jazz are usually merely the result of trial and error, public demand, or changes in the types of instruments it is played on. The basic idiom of jazz is the same today as it was two generations ago.

III

From the performance standpoint, jazz has its own type of excitement, but it is not the type one gets from listening to a performance of concert music. In the concert hall or opera house, music is not only an

art, but a kind of game, too. The soprano singing the most hackneyed coloratura air (or the conductor leading the profoundest symphony) sets about overcoming certain pre-arranged obstacles of which the audience is well aware. There is a purely objective exhilaration in noting the accuracy and ease with which the soprano hits her high notes, or the suavity and polish with which she turns her melodic phrases. It is like watching a crack shot on a complicated target range, making an extraordinary number of bull's-eyes. All this is virtually absent from jazz. The hot jazz player "improvises," that is, merely shoots exuberantly in all directions, and occasionally, by the law of averages, manages to hit something.

The much-discussed element of improvisation, too, has been greatly overrated in most recent writing about jazz. A false impression has been given that the jazz artist, when he is "in the groove," creates an entirely new musical composition on the spur of the moment. Actually this is never the case. Only an infinitesimal portion of the jazz heard today is improvised. And even in that small portion the improvisation affects only a few elements of rhythm and melody. The two most intellectually

complex features of music — harmony and form — are never improvised even in so-called improvised jazz. The harmonic and formal patterns of jazz are, on the contrary, highly standardized, rather unimaginative and exceedingly monotonous.

Perhaps the most striking peculiarity of jazz as opposed to "classical" music, however, is the extremely limited nature of its emotional vocabulary. As a musical language, jazz is graphic and colorful, but, in poetic resources, it is about as rich as pidgin English. A great deal of it makes its appeal exclusively to the motor impulses without affecting the emotions at all. When it does affect the emotions it is limited to the expression of a few elementary moods — sexual excitement, exhilaration, sorrow (in the blues), and a sort of hypnotic intoxication. Its vocabulary does not encompass religious awe, tragedy, romantic nostalgia, metaphysical contemplation, grandeur, wonder, patriotic or humanitarian fervor, profound grief, horror, exaltation, delicate shades of humor — all of them more or less stock-in-trade expressions of high-brow symphonic or operatic music.

The mistake of the fashionable jazz aesthetes has been to take jazz out of the simple sidewalk and

dance hall milieu where it belongs and pretend that it is a complex, civilized art. In its own surroundings, jazz need make no apologies. It is the most vital folk music of our time; it is distinctly and indigenously American, and it speaks a new, infectious dialect that is fresher than anything of the sort Europe has evolved in centuries. It is, I think, something of a pity that, in a watered-down commercial form, jazz has virtually drowned out every other form of American popular music. The flood of musical bilge that emanates from Hollywood and the commercial dance band business has practically swamped the creation of more light-hearted and elegant types of entertainment music. Curiously enough, the mass-produced, commercialized product is also tending to swamp what is left of real, improvised jazz. It is already obvious that the fresh, ingenuous type of jazz the Negroes of New Orleans and Chicago played a generation ago is unlikely ever to be heard again except in phono-

graph records. Thus, the original spring of jazz has run dry — and for very logical reasons. The musical dialect of jazz, like verbal dialects, owes its development to its remoteness from standardized education. One of its most important ingredients has been the rather colorful awkwardness — the lack of technical polish — with which it is played. And that awkwardness, when genuine, is the fruit of ignorance.

Jazz appeared in the first place because the poor Southern Negro couldn't get a regular musical education, and decided to make his own homemade kind of music without it. His ingenuity has proved him to be one of the world's most gifted instinctive musicians. But as his lot improves, and with it his facilities for musical education, he is bound to be attracted by the bigger scope and intricacy of civilized concert music. Give him the chance to study, and the Negro will soon turn from boogie woogie to Beethoven.



Our Common-Wealth is much crazed, and out of tune. Yet have divers others beene more dangerously sicke, and have not died.

—MONTAIGNE

► *How one American broke
the quinine bottleneck.*

WE NOW HAVE QUININE

BY J. LACEY REYNOLDS

WHEN the long-smouldering Henry Wallace-Jesse Jones controversy flared into the open last summer, one of the most serious charges made by the Vice President was that Jones had obstructed the quinine program. On every tropical front, malaria is our worst enemy — there are two malaria cases to every battle casualty flown out of the South Pacific area. Demand for anti-malarials is so enormous that even with the new synthetics, atabrin and plasmochin, we need all the quinine we can get, and probably always shall, for the Surgeon General estimates that 800,000,000 people — two out of every five persons in the world — are stricken annually with malaria.

When the Japanese conquest of Java cut off our supply, Wallace, as head of the Bureau of Economic Warfare, set out to get cinchona bark, the raw material, and quinine, the finished product, wher-

ever he could, and damn the expense. The chairman of the RFC, he charged, delayed and obstructed him at many points — in particular, held up for seven months the project of planting *Cinchona* trees in Costa Rica so that now we shall get no quinine from them until 1946, instead of 1945.

The story of those trees began long before Wallace brought it to public notice. It is largely the story of one man, and it begins on Bataan.

On March 4, 1942, Lieutenant Colonel Arthur F. Fischer, Military Intelligence Reserve, lay in a field hospital stricken with malaria. His chart read, "Condition, grave."

A nurse came near and he weakly grabbed at her uniform.

"More quinine, please," he mumbled.

"Sorry," the nurse responded, "we're running low on quinine."

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She was gone before he realized the tragic significance of what she had said. Then it struck him — and the irony of his situation, too. Here he was, the man who had spent twenty years fighting apathy and bureaucratic stupidity, trying to make Manila and Washington see the importance of growing quinine under the American flag. And now he and hundreds of others were likely to die in proof he was right.

The desperate plight of the defenders of Bataan fired his determination. He would not go under, he grimly resolved. He directed two orderlies to take him out under the trees, away from the smells of the hospital and into the fresh air. For five days he fought his silent battle with the fever; on the sixth day he was able to write feebly, a few minutes at a time, a memorandum to General Wainwright.

Colonel Fischer explained that in civil life, he was head of the Philippine Bureau of Forestry. Years before, he had experimentally planted cinchona trees on Mindanao, 600 miles to the south. They would be ready for harvest; if he could be sent to the plantation, he could grind the bark to powder and ship it back to Bataan where it could be brewed and drunk like a tea to check the ravages of malaria.

The general came to see him. "How about that quinine?" he demanded.

"I don't know how much," said the sick man, "but I know damn well I can get some."

Any amount was important to Wainwright; as high as 85 per cent of the personnel of some of his units were ridden with the fever. He promptly ordered Colonel Fischer to report at 10:30 that night at a secret flying field. Because of a Jap reconnaissance plane overhead, it was 2:30 o'clock in the morning before the pilot felt it safe to take off. He was flying an asthmatic Belanca commercial plane that had been condemned three years before.

It never got above a top speed of ninety miles an hour; the plane was a clay pigeon for any enemy airman. It was faint dawn when they sighted the mountain ranges of Mindoro, and they ducked for the valleys to keep out of sight. Over the channels separating the islands, they flew ten or fifteen feet above the whitecaps.

Colonel Fischer spent all the next day on Mindanao in bed. He had wasted away from 150 pounds to 96. In addition to the fever, he had contracted blood poisoning in the left arm, and it pulsed with pain.

The doctors fed him quinine and

vitamins, and on the next day he assembled at his bedside the remnants of his old staff of foresters. The first to appear was Santos, part Filipino, part Chinese, who had toward Fischer the devotion of a faithful dog. The others shuffled in shortly. These men had been Fischer's friends since he had come to the Philippines in 1912, fresh from the Yale School of Forestry.

Fischer outlined his plans for collecting the precious *Cinchona* bark. When he dismissed the men, he slumped back onto his pillow. Time meant everything now, but he could recall when time seemed important only to himself and a handful of his backers. His interest in quinine had been kindled in 1921 when he and General Leonard Wood, then Philippine High Commissioner, discovered a forester dying of malaria in a remote station for want of the drug. Then, as now, quinine was difficult to obtain and expensive — completely out of the reach of the natives of the East. The world's source of supply was Java, and the Dutch controlled the cultivation and distribution with a ruthless hand. To keep up the price, they sometimes burned the "surplus" Bark. They limited the Philippines and every other land to strict quotas that could never fill the need.

The Philippines has all the natural conditions for growing *Cinchona*. Fischer determined that the Islands should have their own cheap quinine — plenty of it.

II

The first problem was to obtain a quantity of the high-yield seed that the Dutch had perfected in Java. These were seed of *Cinchona Ledgeriana*, named for Charles Ledger, a British horticulturist who in 1854 had brought the first samples to London from their native habitat in the South American Andes. From London, they were taken to India and Ceylon, and eventually to Java. The plodding, meticulous Dutch technicians developed a *Cinchona* bark with the highest content of quinine in the world and Java was soon producing 95 per cent of the world's supply. The Dutch plantation owners guarded their seed like gold. In 1922, however, Fischer located a Dutch planter in financial distress who was willing to part with a packet of seed for 4000 pesos. Packed in a Horlick milk bottle, the seeds were smuggled out by a British sea captain.

At that time, Fischer did not fully appreciate how hard it is to grow *Cinchona*. Half the Java seed

was attacked by a fungus while still in the seedbed, and failed to germinate. Next, forest cockroaches descended upon the seedlings, and had to be picked off by hand at night by the light of flashlights. Then came an unusually severe drought, and the plants were kept alive only by carrying water in oil drums a half mile up a 300 foot incline. Finally the water hole dried up! Plants wilted by the thousands. Fischer appealed to the Philippine Malaria Control Board for funds to construct a small reservoir to tide over future droughts. But the Philippine Auditor turned thumbs down on the project; he held that *Cinchona* cultivation could not be considered a malaria control work!

Despite these difficulties, the first bark had finally been harvested in 1927 and proved to have a quinine content at least as high as the original Javanese *Ledgeriana*. Fischer and other advocates of cheap quinine then persuaded the government to establish in Manila a pilot plant for extraction of totaquina, a crude extract not as highly refined as quinine, but effective and only half as expensive.

Now his Manila plant had fallen to the Japanese, and all that remained of his twenty years labor was the trees in Mindanao.

Santos began bringing in bark; it

would have to be pulverized. Colonel Fischer located a corn grinder at the farm of Wong, a Chinese-Filipino. The Colonel and Wong stuffed dried bark into the mouth of the machine, and ground and re-ground the red-brown powder.

The Colonel tracked down 275 empty oil drums which would do for shipping the powder. These were burned out with dried grass and then burnished to a high luster. He set carpenters to work making heavy wooden tops, with gaskets of old inner tubes to keep out moisture.

By the end of the first week, though Fischer was still fighting fever and fatigue, the project was spinning along. On Easter Sunday, April 5, Fischer received a message from General Wainwright — it was no longer possible to get boats into Bataan. The only hope, therefore, lay in extracting the drug from the powdered bark and shipping it in by air.

Wainwright was asking the near-impossible. Fischer had no chemists. Furthermore, he lacked the raw materials needed in the extraction process — sulphuric acid, lime, ether, and other ingredients.

Then Colonel Fischer thought of his old friend, Father Flynn, a fine, strapping, go-getting Irish priest who knew Mindanao like a prayer

book. If the men and materials were to be found on the island, Father Flynn could find them. Father Flynn came over from his parish on the coast. "We have a chemistry laboratory at the school," he said. "It's at your disposal."

The good Jesuit also knew of a missionary priest who was a pharmaceutical chemist, and an American who had earned a Ph.D. in chemistry twenty years ago, but hadn't touched a test-tube since. He promised to send them to Fischer.

The next four days, Fischer put every ounce of energy into a desperate race against time. Eluding the doctors, he traveled all day, worked all night. Five or six demi-johns of sulphuric acid turned up in an abandoned mine. Stuck away in the hospital supply room were several drums of ether. There were some lime pits on the nearby island of Camiquin, and Fischer made arrangements with sailboats to bring it over. He dug up a quantity of sodium hydroxide in an isolated Chinese soap factory on the coast. All these chemicals had to be run through a stainless steel agitator. That stumped him for a while. But eventually he found one in a wrecked pineapple cannery in Bugo. The only other items he needed were two mixing vats. "I figured

that if we could make gin in a bathtub, we could make quinine, too," Fischer said. "Bathtubs were scarce in Mindanao, but we finally found a couple in an old plantation mansion."

He selected a plant site, far removed from the enemy's probable path of invasion. Then, as materials and machinery were converging from every direction, came the tragic news.

Bataan had fallen. April 9, 1942.

III

With Bataan gone, Fischer knew there was no hope for the Philippines. Here in Mindanao grew the last sizeable stand of *Cinchona Ledgeriana* trees remaining in Allied hands and the Japs would soon have them. But perhaps some of the seed could be salvaged for planting in the Americas.

Cinchona seeds will remain viable for only five months, unless packed in sealed containers under proper conditions of temperature and humidity. He ransacked the hospital pantry, finally locating two condensed milk tins that could be nested, one in the other. Into the space between the inner and outer cans he stuffed dry grass, paper and moss to control temperature and regulate humidity. He dried the

seeds overnight and the following morning warmed them in the sun. Then he pressed them firmly into the inner tin. When he clamped down the lid 2,000,000 seeds of rare *Cinchona Ledgeriana* were ready for the journey.

He had just finished when the telephone rang. It was a message from General Sharp instructing him to report immediately to a secret airfield. An hour later, a courier arrived with a cable from General Wainwright ordering Fischer to get the first available transportation to Australia with the seed.

The airport was thirty miles away. A doctor at the hospital lent Fischer a car. When the Colonel showed General Wainwright's cable he was able to get gas. Fischer was too weak to drive, and Floyd Hill of the bombardment group volunteered. A Filipino corporal was taken along to act as spotter. He was strapped to the side of the car by a belt, to watch out for Zeros, which were overhead almost constantly now.

The bomber landed at Darwin at seven o'clock that night. Five days later, on April 18, Colonel Fischer called on General Douglas MacArthur, who dispatched a message to the War Department stressing "the serious situation" with refer-

ence to quinine and requesting that the seed which Fischer carried must be planted without delay.

Then Colonel Fischer boarded the liner *Coolidge*. During the fast seventeen-day passage to San Francisco, he gained twenty-two pounds and meticulously tested the seed twice daily. On landing, the seeds were rushed to Washington by air for immediate planting at the Department of Agriculture station at Glenn Dale, Maryland. Fortunately Ben Y. Morrison who headed the station, had spent fifteen years in research on quinine cultivation, and knew just how to care for the seeds.

Washington assigned Colonel Fischer to work with the Board of Economic Warfare to establish *Cinchona* plantings. An agreement was made with the Costa Rican government for establishment of 10,000 acres of scattered plantations near San José, the capital. There dense fogs hug the mountains and temperature, humidity and altitude duplicate conditions in Java and the Philippines.

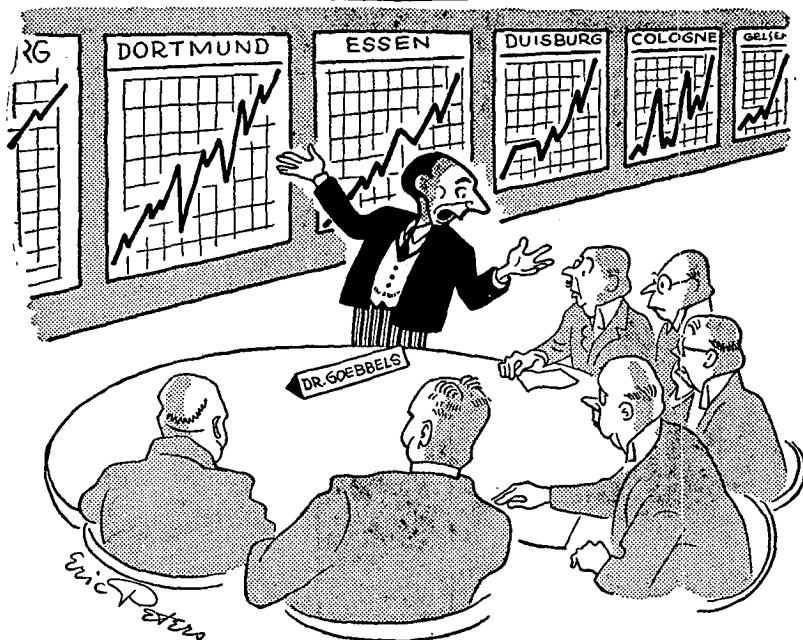
By this past spring, 98 per cent of the seed planted at Glenn Dale had germinated and grown to eight or ten-inch saplings which were shipped by air to the new Costa Rican nurseries. All the plants stood the change of climate

without damage. Fischer followed the seedlings to Costa Rica on May 9, 1943 — first anniversary of the fall of Corregidor.

The Fischer *Ledgeriana* will produce about 10,000 ounces of quinine in 1946. The Army believes that right after the war the task of dosing the world's civilian population will dwarf the present problem of supplying our fighting men. The demand in China alone will tax the entire world's supply. So rapid is the spread of the disease there today that, as one authority

said, unless malaria is checked, "the Japs may soon be able to let the mosquitoes do their fighting." In India alone, there are an estimated 100 million malaria sufferers and three million deaths annually. Even when the production of atabrin and plasmochin has been greatly expanded, large quantities of quinine will be needed for the cases which do not respond to treatment by the new synthetics.

Thanks to one devoted and heroic citizen-soldier, this hemisphere need never be caught short again.



"Production figures alone are misleading . . . From now on we use an index of GENERAL ACTIVITY."

THE MYTH OF "FORTRESS EUROPE"

BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

ORTHODOX military writers assume that Nazi Germany, having lost the initiative in the war, may elect to fight it defensively. It will shorten its lines wherever possible and "dig in" for a prolonged siege. And German propaganda has accepted this assumption. The very phrase *Festung Europa* — Fortress Europe — now so prominent in Dr. Goebbels' new threats and alibis, implies a siege behind impregnable walls. According to the Nazi version, the enemy's successes in the Mediterranean and on the Russian front have not really breached the "fortress," within which the Germans can survive against the entire outside world.

The whole idea, however, is nothing more than a hangover from the past. If Goebbels expresses serious German military opinion in the talk of *Festung Europa*, then such opinion is as backward as the view — held in Germany and by some of our own commentators after the Battle of Britain — that strategic bombing is of no military value. But more likely German

propaganda is puffing up the possibilities of defensive warfare to bolster a tottering morale, without real faith in it.

Because the fact is that air power has forever ended the concept of impregnable fortifications. In the epoch of surface warfare a strong wall was enough to keep out an enemy. The Maginot Line is the last great monument to that epoch. Since the advent of air power, a wall is not enough. A roof, too, is required, otherwise destruction will rain down on the besieged area from overhead.

The question, therefore, is whether the Germans can provide their European fortress with a roof of defensive air power; whether they can establish what some refer to as a "vertical front." And the answer is that they cannot do it. Bombers will always crash through, and given an attacker with adequate air power of the proper types, an effective roof over the "fortress" is out of the question.

It has always been a sound military principle that the most ef-

fective defense is a vigorous offensive. In aerial warfare this principle amounts to a law to which there are few if any exceptions. To make its "fortress" hope come true, Germany must ward off Allied demolition from the skies — the kind of round-the-clock bombardment of which it has already had substantial samples. But this it can do, in the final analysis, only by stopping the air offensive at its source, which means *an offensive* against Allied airfields, factories, fuel concentrations and other sources of air power.

There are those who cite the Battle of Britain as proof that successful defensive action on the home grounds is possible. The Royal Air Force, they point out, succeeded in defeating the Luftwaffe in a battle fought over the British Isles. Why could not German defensive aviation in the same way defeat the Allied onslaught from above, thus adding a roof to its fortress walls?

Theoretically that is conceivable. Practically, we know that the Battle of Britain was unique. The attacking aircraft were so deficient in military characteristics that, looking back at the episode, we can only marvel at the military stupidity of Marshal Goering and his aviation associates. They sent in swarms of bombers that were vir-

tually unarmed in broad daylight, against British Spitfires and Hurricanes armed to the teeth. The qualitative gap between the invaders and the defenders was so wide that it was almost like a mob of savages with bows and arrows attacking a contingent of white men armed with guns. What is more, German strategic ideas in the Battle of Britain were all false. Instead of concentrating for a knock-out blow against the opposing air power, in the air and on the ground, Goering squandered planes and lives on blasting population centers and other morale targets.

Given a discrepancy in weapons and strategic good sense such as saved the British Isles, it is possible to throw a cover of air power over an area. But Germany today cannot hope for any such discrepancy in its favor. Both sides have learned a lot from the Battle of Britain and a score of other engagements since then. Neither side can count on mistakes of major proportions by its opponents. Today the forces are technologically more or less evenly matched, even if we give Germany credit for maximum strength. Under those conditions there can be no such thing as an impregnable defense. Bombardment aviation will penetrate, even if losses are heavy, and for all practical pur-

poses the Germans will be trapped in a fortress without a roof.

The logic of modern air power forces us to a specific conclusion: If the Germans go over to a purely defensive strategy, their doom will be sealed. Such strategy is today a myth, and those who preached it only a few years ago seem as anachronistic as if they belonged to the era of Caesar or Napoleon.

II

The only plan, from the vantage point of air power, is to *ignore* this fortress. We must continue to bomb across its walls and to demolish the core of Axis strength, which is the complex of industries, communication lines and other strategic objectives in Germany proper. As in the case of any territory under artillery bombardment, the more concentrated, continuous and thorough this bombardment, the smaller will be the total effort and sacrifice needed to cause a collapse.

However, it should be remembered that from the point of view of the old surface strategy, Europe is still a "fortress" — and that many Allied military men still see the scene primarily from that point of view! If we accept the Goebbels fiction, and proceed to storm the European ramparts instead of ig-

norning them, then the myth will suddenly become a deadly reality. *Then we shall no longer be fighting on our terms but on Germany's terms,* and the Germans will be able to fight back.

There may be any number of valid political reasons why an invasion of Western Europe — a storming of the fortress — should be undertaken. There were other occasions in this war when political considerations were at variance with strictly military good sense. The British attempt to defend Holland and Belgium, for instance, was essentially a political obligation, without much hope of improving the military position and with a huge risk of disaster. The British defense of Greece, likewise, was largely the fulfilment of a moral and political obligation, undertaken with the knowledge that in splitting the small British forces the entire African position was endangered.

Furthermore, the top leadership of our war effort today is composed for the most part of men of an old military school, considerably "set" in its ways. They are responsible for the channelling of an overwhelming portion of our national wealth and labor power into surface weapons. Quite naturally they are itching to employ those accumulated

weapons: the great navies, the millionfold armies, the mountains of equipment. Despite the accomplishments of air power in limited doses with inadequate planes, such men are sincerely worried by an honest lack of faith in all-out aerial strategy — except as an “extra” method on an experimental basis. An unshakable faith in surface procedures, plus the desire to justify in dramatic and victorious operations their former decisions in building what is essentially a surface war machine, therefore impel them to plunge into an old-style mile-by-mile frontal attack on *Festung Europa*.

By the time these words see print, indeed, it is not impossible that the frontal attack may have been decided upon. Even if successful, it will involve a high price in Allied lives and matériel. The enemy will then retreat and contract its “fortress.” Every contraction, by shortening the lines to be defended, will tend to strengthen the walls of the “fortress.” Under the most favorable circumstances, it will be a long and costly enterprise; the experience in Tunisia, where nearly everything was stacked in our favor, is proof of how slow surface operations necessarily are. Those who are impatient with air power, which has had only

an inadequate opportunity with retarded equipment, will face a more harrowing test of their patience when a full-parade invasion gets going.

Should Germany succeed in repelling a major invasion on the Western coast of Europe, the game will not be up. The Allied cause would suffer a terrific moral blow. But “Fortress Europe” will be as accessible as ever to third-dimensional strategy aiming directly at Germany’s solar plexus. We would then have to undertake out of necessity, and after the expenditure of myriad lives, the kind of war that is now open to us as a matter of intelligent choice.

Should the German *Festung* be stormed and overwhelmed, at a hideous price in casualties, the myth of surface strategy of the pre-aviation epoch would be perpetuated. It would then be solemnly attested by old-style military leaders and writers that this war, like the previous one, was won by the man with the bayonet and the man in the tank. The victorious nations would continue to pile up surface weapons and maintain immense standing armies, despite the fact that they have been made largely superfluous, except as follow-up and auxiliary services, by the air weapon. History might then repeat

itself tragically. Because the first World War ended in the trenches, France staked its life on a super-trench, the Maginot Line. Should this war be ended by surface operations, there would be the same danger that the victors would maintain faith in two-dimensional strategy, leaving it to others to exploit air power to the full.

To airmen, judging the picture solely from the military angle and without reference to political fac-

tors, it seems entirely unnecessary to accept the fortress concept. They believe that only a small fraction of the industrial potential and manpower represented by a full-parade invasion, if translated into true air power and given full opportunity to operate in line with its own strategy, could knock out Germany from above. The surface forces would then enter *Festung Europa* as occupying forces rather than invasion forces.



V . . . — MAIL

BY EDWARD FENTON

BETWEEN us legend stretches, flung across
The disconnected currents of the world at war.
Across the monotonous oceans, duned with waves,
A curlicued sea of sand surrounds my eyes
And stretching past them, past dead other eyes,
Suffers me in its moment.

When I rise
The curling sand impartially will flow
To fill the impress I have made;

Where you are now
The green grass bends beneath you where you stand,
Then rises when you pass beyond it. Look!

And
Grass and the sea and desert vanish, for
Nowhere now retains my true trace or
My shape, excepting you: — and you now here
Set in this treacherous and impersonal sphere
Intaglio-cut endure, while I still move,
As on an amulet: the one I love.

WHAT A DARLING LITTLE BOY!

A Story

BY RUTH ADAMS KNIGHT

CHARLES FRANCIS came out of the house and went down the steps toward the beach, carrying his new model sail boat. He moved very quietly, but Nancy saw him from the corner of the terrace where she sat, sheltered from the wind, taking in the belt of his new white ducks so they wouldn't keep sliding down over his narrow hips.

"I wouldn't take your boat down there now," she called. "It's dreadfully windy and the tide is coming in. It might get away from you."

Charles Francis' heart skipped a beat but he gave no indication that he had heard her. His long thin feet in their blue sneakers went steadily down, down, until he reached the sand at the bottom of the cliff. Then he glanced back, in the direction from which her voice had come. His breath came faster, but his expression remained unchanged.

He put the boat on the beach and knelt beside it, adjusting the miniature ropes and sails with slender sensitive fingers, adoring every exquisite detail. An artist would have loved to paint him there, his look one of complete absorption, the light shining through his golden hair. Before his curls were cut off, sunlight had always turned them into a halo. He was a breathtakingly beautiful child — so beautiful that people stopped in the street to look at him and exclaim. His skin was delicate, almost translucent. His lashes made shadows on his cheeks and his eyes were a deep blue. Eyes like his mother's, people who had known her remarked. He looked like her in many ways, they said. His mother's son.

Her own darling little son, she had called him on the good days. She had been dead for several years

RUTH ADAMS KNIGHT is one of the most popular script writers for radio. Her new book, *Valiant Comrades, a story of our dogs of war*, has just been published. She has written extensively for the "slicks," but her present story is the first one to appear in a periodical outside that field.

now and the sentimental sympathizing over "that poor dear motherless little boy" was a thing of the past. But Charles Francis still remembered her very clearly. Sometimes at night he dreamed he heard her voice, "Charles Francis, don't do that. . . . Charles Francis, be quiet. . . . Run and play now, Charles Francis. . . . Mother and Daddy want to talk." They'd always close the door then, but there would be the murmur of their voices, on and on, and hers growing louder and stronger. . . .

How he'd hated her, lying there on that couch day after day in the pale green robe she wore, always twisting things in her fingers and staring at nothing. How relieved he'd been when he understood that saying she was dead meant she'd never be there any more. . . . never interfere when he wanted to be with his father. . . . talking about things he couldn't understand. . . . shutting him out. . . . sending him away so they could be alone. It was he and his father who were alone now. . . . blessedly alone, to do exactly as they pleased.

He sensed that people expected him to act sorry. The way his grandmother and his aunts and all the visitors who came at first said, "Poor little fellow," showed they

thought he'd lost something important. He mustn't ever let them know how he really felt, relieved and warm and happy. He learned the trick of never looking at them directly; of letting his lashes fall. Or, if they caught him off guard, he fixed his gaze somewhere beyond them and pretended to himself they weren't there. And after a while he really believed they weren't—that they were just talking shadows who didn't belong at all in the world where he lived with his father. And in the end they all did vanish, and the two of them were alone, quite alone.

II

It had all been beautiful until Nancy came. After his mother died his father began working at home, because there was no one but the cook to take care of Charles Francis. The room that used to be his mother's was fixed up for a study, and his father sat writing at a big desk by the window, right where she used to lie biting her lips and plucking at the coverlet. Charles Francis could go into the room now any time, if he was quiet. And he didn't want especially to talk. It was enough that his father was there, big and brown and smelling of outdoors and a pipe, and not

paying any attention to anyone but Charles Francis. But when he did speak, the shiver of delight his deep voice caused went all the way down the boy's spine, and when he put his hand on the narrow shoulder, Charles Francis' whole body quivered with happiness.

It had been that way for several years, up to that day when Charles Francis came in noiselessly and found Nancy sitting beside his father on the sofa. They hadn't known he was there and he'd stood by the doorway watching them. His father had his head against Nancy's shoulder, and Charles Francis had the awful feeling he had been crying. And Nancy was saying, "Darling, you mustn't let yourself go on feeling this way . . . you mustn't. Why, your life isn't over at all . . . it's only beginning." And his father had said, "Maybe it could begin again . . . with you. You're alive . . . you're real. But I lived with shadows for so long. . . !"

Charles Francis had looked at Nancy, with her short curling hair and her bright eyes and a mouth that always looked as though she were going to laugh, and he'd hated her so he felt dizzy. "Go away," he wanted to shout. "Go away and leave us alone . . . my father and

me . . . alone by ourselves, the way we should be."

But she didn't go. When they heard him they jumped apart. And then she'd looked at Charles Francis and said, "Darling, something should be done about that child. He's anemic. And that thin shirt and no coat on a day like this! Go and get your sweater, Honey. I'm going to bring you some cod liver oil in the morning . . . in capsules, of course, so you won't mind the taste. . . ."

Every night after that he'd wished against her with all his strength. He'd even burned a piece of candle, up in his own room, the way Cook did when she wanted God to give her something. And he'd prayed that Nancy would die, or slip off of the cliff. He liked to think of her falling, clutching and calling, with no one to hear her. But it was no good. She came every day, just the same. And his father was different now. He didn't sit so much, with Charles Francis in the chair beside him, looking into the fire. He began to laugh and make jokes, and sing when he took his shower in the morning. And then one day they came with a lot of bags and his father said, "You have a new mother now." And Nancy put her arms around Charles Francis and said, "I love you,

Charles Francis. I hope you'll love me, too."

But he didn't love her. He didn't even try. He hated her. He woke up in the morning hating her, and it got worse all through the day. At night he sat at the table where the candles gleamed on the silver she'd taken out of the chest and polished. And he looked at his father, smiling at her across a bowl of flowers and lifting a glass and saying in a voice Charles Francis had never heard him use before, "Here's to my family." And he wished he could take his knife and stick it into her heart, good and deep, so she could never say again, "Isn't it wonderful we have such a fine son!"

He couldn't of course. But there were things he could do. After he found out how much it bothered her, he always wadded his napkin, one of the fine embroidered ones she was so proud of, into a dirty little ball. And one day he discovered he could stick his finger through the stitches and spoil the pattern without having it look as though he'd really meant to tear it. When Cook came in with the vegetables he had to take some of everything on his plate because his father said he must. But he ate with the loud sucking, smacking noises he'd found out filled Nancy with horror. When she said, "Charles

dear, you mustn't eat like that," he waved his fork and sucked louder than ever. When she told him a gentleman always stood when a lady entered a room, and never sat until she was seated, he looked at her blankly and after that he managed always to slide into a chair before she did. At night when he took his clothes off he dropped them on the floor where he stood and left them there. He never drew the stopper from his bath any more, so hours afterward someone was always discovering the cold soapy water still in the tub, with a ring of grime on the porcelain.

When Nancy protested and pleaded with him about his behavior he stood and stared at a point just beyond her left ear. He did it until one day her patience had finally given out. She'd exclaimed, "Charles Francis, what in the world is the matter with you? Don't you hear what I'm saying? Let me look into your eyes," and taking him by the chin, tipped his head backward. But his eyes had been shallow and empty, expressionless as marbles. She needn't think she'd find out anything that way. He might look out through his eyes at the world, but no one was ever going to look in through them to get a peep at Charles Francis, there inside.

He had known then that she had begun to be afraid of him. His father never guessed it . . . it was a secret which the two of them shared. He heard his father say to her once, "You're the one person who can do a job for the boy, Nancy. Teach him to laugh, to be happy . . . to reach out for life." He'd gone into the room quietly then and stood near her chair, and she'd gone away upstairs.

But she didn't stop trying, though he was impervious to command and entreaty alike. He never defied her, never refused to obey her, but he found new ways to hurt and bewilder. If she called him he made no answer. When she sent him to wash and comb his hair, he returned looking unchanged. He put his soiled clothing back in the drawer with the fresh linen. When he found there was a protruding nail in his boots he walked several times across the newly polished floors in the lower hallway, and later heard the man tell her there was no way of ever getting the scratches out. He had hoped maybe she'd cry when she found the cage door open and her pet canary gone. But she scarcely questioned him. Maybe she knew it wouldn't do any good. His only replies were, "I forgot . . . I don't understand what you mean . . . I don't know."

III

She always brought him something when she went to town, but he took her gifts and laid them aside, without thanks and without comment. If his father boomed, "What do you say to Nancy?" he intoned an expressionless, "Thank you." He moved in and out of the house like a shadow, and no one could put a finger on him, until the day they saw the boat model.

It was in a store window, the day they went to have his curls cut off. He had always worn his hair very long, so that it fell down over his eyes and over his coat collar. Nancy led him to the barber shop and stood close to the chair. "Take off his curls," she said to the barber. "Take them all off." She looked directly at Charles Francis. "He's a big boy now," she said. "He has got to begin acting and looking like one."

One by one the ringlets had fallen onto the enveloping sheet. Charles Francis shut his eyes so he wouldn't see himself in the mirror. He knew she was stripping from him some part of his disguise and his refuge. She was pushing him still farther away from his father, by trying to make him grow up.

Snip, snip, snip had gone the shears, until at last every curl was

gone — at last it was over. "It sure makes a difference," the barber said, going over his neck with a soft little brush. "I guess he's out of the lollipop class now. I always give the little ones lollipops, but he's graduated to a stick of gum."

Charles Francis said nothing. He accepted the packet, and dropped it on the sidewalk directly outside the shop door.

"Charles Francis, that's rude!" Nancy protested, but he walked along as though he didn't hear her. And then, suddenly, they saw the ship.

It was in a corner window on Main Street, and it was so wonderful that Charles Francis almost stopped breathing. A two mast schooner, intricately contrived, perfect in detail . . . beautiful beyond words!

"I had to get it for him," Nancy protested to his father later. "I knew it was outrageously extravagant, but it's the first thing I ever saw him act as though he really wanted. I *had* to get it for him. . . ."

She hadn't told his father she believed it was the answer, but in her heart she was sure of it. The first step. If she gave him this boat, which they both loved so, he *must* turn to her a little. Any beginning, however small, she would take so gladly.

Charles Francis slept all night with the ship on the table close to his bed. In the morning he didn't come down, and when his father went to look for him he was just sitting looking at it, touching the hull reverently now and then with his finger tips. His father laughed.

"Guess that'll keep you busy for the summer," he said. "Nancy certainly got you a dandy, didn't she? Better go down now, and have your breakfast, and thank her."

But Charles Francis didn't go down, not until his father had left and he was sure Nancy would be busy in the kitchen. When she'd called to him from the terrace he had been in a panic. For a moment he was afraid she might stop him. But it was too late for that now. He had his boat on the wet sand at the edge of the water.

He looked at it and a sob shook him. His boat — his beautiful boat.

The tide was coming in and it was very rough; the choppy waves curled with foam. Charles Francis looked at them, and was sick at his stomach for what he was going to do. But he did not hesitate. Mainsail and jib and jigger . . . every inch of canvas she carried must be unfurled to the wind. He had to work fast, for he heard Nancy on the steps.

"Charles Francis," she called as she came. "Charles Francis! Don't try to sail your boat now. It's too rough. It'll capsize and sink!"

But she was too late. The boat was launched and under way, it began to run, full sails spread to the gale. It dipped water, listed perilously, then made bravely for the open ocean. Nancy could only gasp helplessly in dismay, for already it was far beyond reach, headed for the horizon.

Then while she gazed with stricken, bewildered eyes, Charles Francis suddenly stooped and lifted the largest rock from a pile at his feet. With amazing aim, he hurled it at the struggling boat. It struck fairly amidships. There was a thud and a splash, a flurry of sails, and the little craft disappeared beneath a wave, and was swept on out to sea.

"Charles Francis," gasped Nancy. "Charles Francis! Oh, why did you . . . why *did* you!"

Horror choked her.

The boy made no answer. In his eyes, behind the screen of his long lashes, there was only the flicker of a smile. But his heart sang with exultation. He'd done it. It was worth losing the boat for. She was frightened now, really frightened. If he kept at it she'd get scared enough so she'd go away and stay. Frightened? She was scared silly. Oh, he had her now. He had her now.

"Charles Francis," she was repeating, and he knew just how hard she was having to fight to keep her voice steady. "Why did you do a thing like that to your beautiful new boat . . . the boat we both loved so much?"

Charles Francis shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know," he said indifferently.

He turned and went back up the steps, slowly and deliberately. Even without his curls the sun shining on his golden hair gave him the look of an angel.



EARLY AUTUMN

Now, with the swift withdrawal of the light,
The wind, like a child, goes wailing in the night,
That, scarce weaned, wakens frightened, woebegone,
To find its mother, Summer, strangely gone —

— ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

► *Rough sketch for a bridge
from war to peace economy.*

CHANGE-OVER TO PEACE

BY GARET GARRETT

SUCH a river as the one we are coming to has never been crossed. Its name is Transition. That is all we can say we know about it for sure.

We have crossed rivers of that name before. We took the last one with a mighty leap, every man for himself, and somehow came down on the other side. That is to say, the country demobilized itself, with no plan whatever, no forethought, no benefit of government. Free competitive enterprise did it.

But that had not been total war. Transition from total war to peace is a new thing, beyond any experience. The first differences you think of may be those of magnitude only. Even so, there is a point at which a difference of degree becomes a difference of kind.

Into the first World War we put never more than one quarter of our total exertions — measured in any way you like — whereas into this

one we are putting all that we can, which is already more than half of everything. It does not follow that an economy damaged twice as much by war will be only twice as hard to mend. The restoration may be much more than twice as hard.

It is true that in all physical ways the country is richer than it was at the end of the first World War. How much richer? At an extreme guess, say it is twice as rich. But the debt may be *fifteen times as great*. Indeed, it seems now inevitable that by the time this war is ended and mopped up the debt will amount to as much as the valuation we had put on our total national wealth.

There are differences, too, in the nature of our economic structure — certain rigidities that were not there before. They cannot be helped. They are from intense specialization and represent the cost of efficiency, especially the efficiency

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of American mass production. For example, do you remember the word *conversion*, and the controversy that began to rage about it immediately after Pearl Harbor? Why couldn't industry just stop whatever it was doing and make weapons instead? Why did it take so long? Why did it seem slower than in the war before?

The explanation was simple. The more efficient you make a machine for a special purpose the less adaptable it is to any other purpose. In the first World War the conversion of industry was less difficult because so many of its machines were what you call general purpose machines. To turn them from one kind of work to another you had only to change the dies and jigs and fixtures. In the next twenty-five years machines changed very greatly by evolution. Special skill was built into the machine itself; it knew one thing and could do one thing and nothing else. That kind of machine could not be converted at all. It went out the window. Then to retool itself for war work, industry designed and installed not general purpose machines but again the special purpose machine with a specific kind of skill built into it. Many marvels of war production are owing to this one fact.

But when you come to the job

of converting this war industry to peace you will have to face the same difficulty in reverse. Thousands of these war machines, so wonderfully efficient for purposes of making weapons, will be no good for anything else. The point of all this is that just as it was that for technical reasons the conversion of industry was more difficult this time than it was before, so it may be that the conversion back to peace will take more time. When you begin to think of demobilization and how people are going to live through it, the time gap is the crucial problem.

Besides the ponderable differences there is one of attitude, and this may be the most important of all. At the end of the first World War government simply removed its hands. Wartime controls were not relaxed; they were abolished. Government was demobilized. Private enterprise took over again. Since then, popular ideas of government have passed through a deep change. This did not happen in time of war. The doctrine of planned economy arose in time of peace. The new American habit of dependence upon government was a peace time habit, growing out of the panic and despair of the great depression and nourished by the New Deal philosophy.

Now coming to a river such as was never crossed before, what will we do? Shall the people undertake to get themselves over as they did before, or shall they leave it to government to perform a feat of vast economic and social engineering? That is the question.

If the people do it for themselves there will be many mishaps, undoubtedly more than before. On the other hand, if they leave it to government it may turn out to be the regimented life from there on.

At this point we begin to be violently divided, in feeling and opinion. Some of us say, and it may well be true, that our way of life for a long time to come is going to be decided by this choice before us. Yet the fact is the people are not thinking of getting themselves across. What before was taken for granted, namely, that they could if they would, is no longer assumed.

Even business now finds it impossible to imagine that we can cross this river without a costly WPA bridge. Thus we see liberals and conservatives, both pretending to believe, or believing that they believe, in the free enterprise system, coming together with thoughts of a mixed economy — the government to do what it must and free enterprise to do what it can. That means an economy half planned

and half free to begin with; and it means an entirely planned economy in the sequel, since we know that government is an animal that can only swallow. It cannot regurgitate what it starts to swallow nor bite it in two.

Nevertheless, there must be a bridge. Whatever else you think or feel you are bound to come back to that. This is not a river we can take in one leap. And a bridge, no matter what kind, must be engineered. This, too, you are obliged to admit.

But why think of a bridge such as the one the National Resources Planning Board has been designing, with causeways and piers and noble arches? We want only to get across. We are not coming back. *Why not an emergency pontoon structure that we can afford to abandon once we are safely over?* And if people could build that for themselves would they not be freer and wiser for having done it?

II

What follows is not necessarily a plan. Take it to be only a way of thinking. As a plan it would work only provided people were already resolved to get themselves across, but if they were resolved to do that, another plan might work as well or better. The point is, again,

that they have not been thinking of how to do it for themselves. Instead of that, they have for the most part been denouncing the government for wanting to lead them over by the hand.

The problems are two. Let us state them as simply as we know how. One is social and one is political.

The social problem is how to provide *either* full employment *or* fair means of subsistence during the period of transition. It is probably quite impossible to maintain full employment while demobilizing both the armed forces and the war industries. Therefore subsistence must be provided. Employment for the uses of peace will have to be largely recreated, and that will take time; subsistence cannot wait. That is to say, beginning with the first day of demobilization, employment such as there is, plus subsistence somehow provided, must equal what we should like to call full employment.

The political problem is how to solve this equation in a way that shall be popular and at the same time economically sound. What we need, therefore, is a plan that will (1) appeal to people's imagination, (2) give them the wonderful and exciting sense of doing it for themselves with no gratitude owing to government, and (3) one not with-

out promise of gain to counteract the hardships. All that follows is the idea of a pontoon to float ourselves across.

The armed forces come first. In lieu of what might be called at some later time a bonus, let each man honorably discharged from the armed forces receive \$1,000 cash in hand, plus a participation in something to be discussed below under the head of liquidation. This payment would call for eight or ten billions of money, which, relatively, seems no longer a very great sum, and seems smaller still if it shall be the only increase of Government debt on account of demobilization. Let this money be raised by a kind of prior lien Federal bond, something like a receiver's certificate, at an attractive rate of interest and with a sinking fund to extinguish it entirely, say within ten years. That such a bond could be very easily sold hardly needs to be argued. And let this be the Government's only money contribution to the ends in view.

Secondly come the wage earners in war industry whose jobs will suddenly discontinue. For these let there be a dismissal wage of \$20 a week for so long as they are unemployed, up to one year. This will call for an indeterminate amount of money. It will be more if the return

to peace-time economy is slow; less if the return can be foreshortened in time. In any case, it might well be twice the amount of the other sum. Whatever it must be, let the money be raised by a sales tax. Let this be a flexible tax, adjusted to the need by a statistical method. It might have to be at first a pretty stiff tax; but those who pay it shall receive unusual compensation in a manner to appear.

War inventories and war assets may provide the great means. Let there be what we may call the People's Salvage Corporation, hereafter mentioned as the liquidating authority. The functions of this body shall be custodial, administrative, and policy-making, entirely free of governmental interference; and it shall conduct the liquidation for the people, subject only to the law whereby it is created. To this body the government shall deliver outright, in fee simple, for purposes of orderly liquidation, all of the inventories and assets it has acquired during the war, save only what the Army and Navy may want to keep for purposes of national defense. These inventories and assets will comprise enormous quantities of food, raw materials, finished products, real property, and industrial capacity representing not merely 1500 plants but in certain instances

entire industries, such, for example, as the synthetic rubber industry and almost the entire plane-making industry. The aggregate of it all may lie between 50 and 100 billions. The beneficiaries of this liquidation shall be:

Firstly, those who have served in the armed forces;

Secondly, the people who pay the sales tax.

To the first assign a participating interest of one half — this in addition to the \$1,000 each of them has received in cash along with honorable discharge; to the second, assign the other one half. These, as they pay the sales tax, will receive stamps, and stamps will be exchangeable for certificates of participation.

Now as to the sales tax, which is the crux of the matter: If it is true that a sales tax is socially unfair in principle because it takes relatively more from the poor than from the rich, there is in that fact a kind of compensation, for in this scheme the lower bracket people will have relatively a larger share in the liquidation. The participating certificates should be free and transferable, for it may easily be that they will appeal to the imagination and speculation in them would be rather to the good as tending to revive the spirit of adventure in capital.

The government ought neither to impose nor collect this tax. Remember the pontoon idea. It is all temporary. This is something the people will be doing to themselves, for themselves, by themselves. On data to be compiled by committees of industry (not before mentioned) the liquidation authority ought to determine from time to time the amount of sales tax necessary; then industry should be authorized to add it to the price, collect it, account for it, and apply the proceeds currently and directly to the payment of the dismissal wage of \$20 a week that has been promised to war workers for so long as they are unemployed, up to one year.

Under the great liquidating authority at the top, let there be committees of industry, as many as may be needed, these to act as buying agents for the industries they separately represent. Each one will be supposed to know the condition and prospects of its own industry, how much material it can absorb from the liquidating authority, how fast, at what prices, and so on. In the case of manufacturing plants and other productive properties the same committees could act as agents for the liquidating authority.

Adjacently, let there be created, entirely by private initiative, a great reservoir of consumer credit.

We have learned a great deal about consumer credit. We have learned that almost anyone with a good labor record is a good enough risk, with no pledge of collateral. The purpose of such a reservoir of consumer credit, in which all of the old finance companies might combine their resources in a voluntary manner, would be to add factors of flexibility and safety. If it should appear, for example, that the sales tax was retarding general consumption too much, then the consumer credit pool could relax its rules and cheapen credit, or, conversely, it could tighten them and make credit dear. This, too, we should think, would have to be governed by the liquidating authority at the top. And the pool itself should be self-dissolving, that is, it should exist and function for the period of transition only.

The cash payment to veterans is, of course, inflationary. This effect, however, is much more than offset by the sales tax.

This plan, if you call it a plan, is self-dissolving. If it works, it gets us across, which is all it was meant to do, and from the other side we can go on toward anything else. No political commitments are entailed. Problems such as those of public debt and monetary policy

are left untouched. These we shall be better prepared to meet when we have crossed the river safely.

Here is outline only. There is no drawing. Enormous problems of

procedure and matters of detail are left out, yet purposely so, because the intention is limited. What the writer is prepared to defend is not a plan but *that way of thinking*.



A FARMER CAN DOUBLE HIS LIFE

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THE house a man comes home to in cold nights
Should have a fire in it, by good rights,
A woman, and a light. But men can learn,
When women die, to make the fire burn.

A farmer who brings the wind and frost inside
To the bitter place where fire has died
Manages somehow to take the place of wife
And starts his dead house back to light and life.

He has a little heat to start things going,
Inside himself. Now, out of the wind's blowing,
The warmth deep in the muscles of his hands,
Deep in his bones and mind and heart, expands.

He makes a small world in the empty one,
He leans and joins the licking flames that run
Along the kindling he heaps tenderly,
Small flame calls out small flame in sympathy.

It takes a good long time, but a man can double
His life like this, in silence and his trouble;
A man can conquer clay and tree and stone
And then at night bring a house to life alone.

Yet always he will dread that last defeat
When wind will come in with him, and no heat
His body has or fire will drive away
The final cold and silence come to stay.

► *The remarkable chief
of the Arab Legion:*

A SECOND LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

BY ALBERT A. BRANDT

IN Amman, the capital of Transjordan, the sightseer will sooner or later be brought to a rambling white building, surrounded by a high stone wall. In front of the gate stand armed guards — tall Arabs in flowing scarlet cloaks, white and red turbans on their heads. In their wide belts are elaborately carved daggers, over their shoulders modern carbines. They are the soldiers of the Arab Legion, one of the best trained and most efficient military formations in the world.

The square fronting the building is the noisiest part of the sun-baked city. Leaning against the walls, squatting on the hot ground or the steps, are dozens of uniformed Arabs and tattered Bedouins, encrusted with the sands of the surrounding deserts. They wait for hours to meet face to face the "Uncrowned King of the Desert," whom they have learned to love and esteem.

Outside of the cities and among the colonies of foreigners his real name is rarely mentioned. His official title, by decree of the Emir of Transjordan, is Glubb Pasha. His soldiers call him El Farik, commander-general of the Legion. The Bedouins, nomads moving from pasture to pasture with their flocks of sheep and camels, affectionately refer to him as "Father of the White Camel." Glubb himself does not know where this nickname stems from. He insists that he never rode a white camel. But he is proud of such names. The Arabs of the desert are not an overly affectionate people. They bestow nicknames only on those they truly admire. Colonel Glubb likes best, however, the sobriquet under which he is known to most of his friends and enemies, Abu Haneik, "Father of the Bad Jaw." It explains his present position and the greatest love of his life, the Arabian desert.

ALBERT A. BRANDT is a German professor who left his homeland when the Nazis took power. In World War I he received the Iron Cross, which he later repudiated as a protest against war. He has written extensively on international affairs for American publications.

John Bagot Glubb is today forty-six years old. Son of Major General Sir Frederick Glubb of World War renown, he was only fifteen when he entered Woolwich Academy for his military training. Following in his father's footsteps, he chose the Engineer Corps. He fought in Mesopotamia in the first World War, later supervising the building of pontoons and bridges and repairing communications. Glubb was a lieutenant when the war ended, his face badly marred by a shot through the jaw. A large black scar still shows on a mutilated chin. Self-conscious about his appearance, the young officer in 1920 again applied for colonial service and was sent back to Mesopotamia as an ordinary soldier.

II

When Mesopotamia, freed from Turkish rule, became the independent Iraq, Glubb was appointed a political officer in the newly formed Iraq government. Between 1927 and 1930 his main task was arbitrating administrative boundaries between Turkey and Iraq, settling the many quarrels among the warring Bedouin tribes in the deserts and defending the borders of the new state against the troops of religious fanatics, congregating

on its southern boundaries. Lawrence of Arabia, in stirring up the nomadic Arabs to rebellion against the Turks, had supplied them with dangerous weapons. It became Glubb's duty to take those weapons away from the fierce Bedouins and to pacify more than forty thousand square miles of desert territory, where feuds had been the main occupation for centuries. His job was so well done, his fame among the Bedouins spread so quickly, that in 1930 he was made a major in the British Army and switched to a new and important task in Transjordan.

His official orders were to extend the administrative powers of British-mandated Transjordan to the northeastern border. England had in this territory another true friend in Colonel Frederick Gerard Peake, who wielded a great influence as official adviser to Emir Abdallah and as commander of the Arab Legion. Peake Pasha had resigned his post in 1939 and returned to England, and Glubb, chief of the mechanized forces of the Legion and Peake's executive officer, was the logical man to succeed him. He did, and was promoted to lieutenant colonel.

In Transjordan Glubb completely adopted Bedouin dress and traditions. Long before, however,

he had made friends with the nomads by living with them in their tents, eating their food and knowing their problems well. Even more so than Lawrence of Arabia, the "Father of the Bad Jaw" can talk fluently to any people in the Middle East in their own tongue and dialect, and he is intimately familiar with their customs, traditions and general philosophies of life. He almost religiously adheres to the intricate code of the desert people, careful not to offend them in the smallest detail. No man in the Middle East has a better insight into the character of the Bedouin Arabs. They have learned to love their freedom. They have a fierce feeling of superiority and do not acknowledge social differences. They are fanatically proud of their mores and religious beliefs. They esteem courage and sincerity, despise affectedness.

They believe that El Farik Glubb loves the country in which they roam and that he truly wanted to become one of them. Glubb's extended studies of Arab psychology have convinced him that it would be futile to attempt changing the Bedouins. He does not believe in Westernizing contented people, nor does he have any patience with the too frequent holier-than-thou attitude of the white man in for-

eign parts. He persuades where improvement is necessary, advises where advice is needed, but he never preaches.

Colonel Glubb officially has been lent to the Transjordanian government, but he rarely wears the uniform of a British officer. Usually he may be seen in the uniform of his Arab Legion, scarlet flowing cloak, white and red turban. Only on his shoulder straps are the insignia of his rank of general or El Farik of the Legion, two crossed silver swords and stars. But even in this uniform he does not look like a military man, still less a Bedouin warrior. His officers and men tower over him. He is slender and short of stature, and the desert sun has done little to erase the pallor of his face with its disfigured chin. His voice is soft with a persuasive, vibrating quality.

Glubb is really a scholar at heart. The library of his Amman headquarters is well stocked with books on philosophy, but especially history and politics. He likes to consider himself a trained political scientist. His real hobby, however, is archaeology. Glubb has even trained his men to look out for yields of ancient civilizations. The treasures found are placed in the museums of the Middle East, especially Baghdad.

III

Before 1939 the Arab Legion consisted of forty-three officers and 1062 men. Besides Glubb there were only six other British officers. Their number has been increased during the past four years, but the commander still believes that chief responsibility should be given to Arabs. The Legion since its founding in 1921 has been a very exclusive military force. Bedouin sheiks are proud to have their sons in its ranks. The uniform gives the wearer great prestige among the Arabs and the waiting list of recruits is long. Unlike other so-called "Foreign Legions," it never has been a rallying point for men without a country, criminals and those who want to forget their past. On the contrary, the finest Bedouin youths are eager to serve under Glubb. The soldiers must swear loyalty to their commander personally and are unswerving in their devotion. They may resign from the Legion whenever they choose, but only twenty-seven men have done so in the twenty-two years of its existence.

From the beginning its commander has paid his soldiers well, mounted them on fine Arabian horses and selected dromedaries. Its members are given all the finest equipment. There is very little dif-

ference between men and officers in pay, none in food. Every soldier is urged to submit suggestions and has the right to be heard. But discipline is strictly enforced. Glubb himself can be ruthless when necessary.

The tasks of the Arab Legion, in a territory strategically so vital, are manifold. The loss of Transjordan would have given the Axis Powers access to the oil of Iraq and Iran, endangered transportation by air to Asia, closed an important supply route to Russia and opened an overland route to India. Through this area run the thousand miles of pipes, the so-called Iraq-Mediterranean oil line, beginning at Kirkuk in Iraq and leading to Haifa in Palestine as well as to Tripoli.

Germany and Italy have long been busy in these parts attempting to create rebellion among the Arabs or at least to disturb the vital oil supply of the British Mediterranean fleet. Kaiser Wilhelm II hoped for a railway from Berlin to Baghdad, connecting Islam with German interests and separating the British Empire. Hitler had the same dream, while Mussolini went further and proclaimed himself "Protector of Islam." At a time when defeats in the Middle East lowered the prestige of the British among Arabs and Hitler's propa-

ganda machine worked overtime, promising them complete independence in a Pan-Arabian Federation, Glubb's difficult task was as much one of diplomacy as of soldiering.

During the Arab rebellion in Palestine in 1937-1938, it was his army which kept thousands of fierce and well-armed desert fighters from passing the borders and joining the rebels. At the time of the Iraq rebellion in 1941, Glubb's force rushed through the deserts to Iraq and helped the regular army to quell the coup of Nazi-inspired Raschid Ali against the British. It excelled in intelligence work, guided the troops through the barren wastes and played a decisive part in relieving the important airfield of Habbaniyeh and recapturing the strategical Rutbah area.

The Arab Legion also participated decisively in the Syrian campaign against the Vichy government of General Dentz, which in spite of promised neutrality supplied armaments to the rebels in Palestine and permitted the Nazis to use its airfields. Here, too, Glubb's troops harassed and destroyed the communication and supply lines of the enemy and served as reconnaissance patrols.

Glubb has understood how to apply ancient techniques of desert

fighting to modern warfare. His men are trained to use guile as well as military strategy. In a vast country, sparsely settled and largely without vegetation, Glubb has built a chain of forts, wherever there is water. These forts, mostly rough block-houses, are linked by phone and radio with headquarters in Amman and can call for help or give news immediately. El Farik has seen to it that they serve more than a military purpose. They are the refuge of Bedouins and their herds, caught in a storm; meeting places for the sheiks; courts to settle disputes.

Today the Arab Legion and its Desert Patrol naturally have been vastly extended. The Legion now numbers around 3000 men, equipped with the most modern Bren guns, anti-aircraft units, patrol jeeps, light tanks and other instruments of mechanized warfare. Its supplies, however, are still carried by a dromedary corps. The desert patrols are mounted partly on camels or swift Arab horses. The Arab Legion is ever ready to send units from Amman practically anywhere in the Middle East to reinforce regular army formations.

Whatever the future may hold, the performances of the "Father of the Bad Jaw" have already been great enough to make him a second Lawrence of Arabia.

HORIZONS OF SCIENCE

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT

The Case For Planned Research

SINCE this is a war of mass-produced planes, tanks, aluminum, guns, plastics, synthetic rubber, high-octane gasoline and substitutes, it is obviously a war of scientists. The engineer who simplifies the detection of flaws in metals or accelerates the riveting of aluminum sheets in an airplane's wing or shows how optical glass can be ground and polished more speedily, plays as large a part in wiping out Hamburg as the bomber who drops a ton or two of high explosive on the waterfront of that hapless town.

This being so, it might be supposed that by this time we have organized all our scientific resources and that we are conducting research exactly as we conduct the business of raising and training an army or fighting a campaign. We have done nothing of the kind. University, government and industrial laboratories are hard at work, solving specific problems assigned to them by a score of government boards, but the ingenuity of the country has not been exploited to

the utmost. Each government agency, each industrial laboratory goes its own way. There is no overall direction and control. Business as usual has gone by the board, but not research as usual.

All this Senator Herley M. Kilgore of West Virginia would correct by two bills of his, which, though they have little prospect of becoming laws in their present form or even of being debated in Congress, have aroused as much anger, derision and controversy as the decisions of the War Labor Board. If the Senator has his way a single Office of Technological Mobilization would marshal the country's scientists and engineers in a vast research organization to solve the pressing war problems of the armed forces and industry. He would weld into his organization not only all the private laboratories but also twenty major and forty minor government research bureaus which now spend \$575,000,000 a year. He would support fundamental research (that is, research which would result in discoveries and the-

ories that could be practically applied in winning the war both on the fighting and industrial fronts) by making grants out of a fund of \$200,000,000. He would avoid the senseless duplication of work now done in university, government and industrial laboratories. And he would acquire at a fair price and pool all patents and thus much monopolized knowledge.

II

Governments have known for nearly a century that they need the scientist when they wage war. Yet in western democracies they have preferred to use him only in what is called an "advisory capacity." Our own official recognition of his importance goes back to the Civil War. It was then that at Lincoln's suggestion the National Academy of Sciences was created. In the last war Wilson added a National Research Council. Neither body has the right to exercise initiative. Always it must be consulted on a specific problem, and only then can it spring into action. The Office of Scientific Research and Development is one of the very few bodies created in the present war which has full authority. Elsewhere there is no one master-plan of research, no coordination of sci-

entific knowledge and skill, despite the thousands of mathematicians, chemists, physicists, metallurgists and experts who are now engaged in conducting research for the government.

To tap the country's ingenuity — for we still believe in the Yankee whittler who can give us a flying machine or a telegraph without knowing very much about theoretical science — we organized the National Inventors' Council, with the distinguished Charles Kettering as its chairman. But let an inventor submit to that body some bright idea to improve an industrial process and he is started off in a labyrinth in which he is lost. His method of sinking submarines or his new tommy-gun will naturally be passed along to the Office of Scientific Research and Development because it is the business of that body to solve purely military and naval problems. But with his way of making rubber out of alcohol, his plastic made from agricultural wastes, little can be done because no bureau has the necessary authority to convert it into a reality. Except in the Office of Scientific Research and Development and on the battlefield we flounder from failure to failure. Senator Kilgore is merely trying to bring order out of chaos and inte-

grate the advisory boards that now get into one another's way.

It may be assumed that the Germans exercise some such control over scientific and technical knowledge. It is certain that the Russians do. In fact, Soviet Russia is the one country that mobilized science not only for war but for peace. The Academy of Sciences, which is as much a part of the Soviet government as the Department of State is of ours, has for years planned research on all fronts. The change from research for peace to research for war could be made overnight. Every factory laboratory, every agricultural experiment station, every biological and medical research institution has long been under control. Totalitarianism? Of course. But we are waging a totalitarian war. Trade associations, engineering societies, corporations have reconciled themselves to that fact in the matter of producing, buying and selling goods, yet they oppose the Kilgore plan. On the other hand, the scientific intellectuals in our universities, most heads of important government departments, and a few imaginative industrial magnates, of whom Henry J. Kaiser is the most conspicuous, are in favor of mobilizing science — at least for the war.

The proposed expropriation of

patents has probably evoked the loudest protests. The reason is plain. Though all the great industrial laboratories are conducting research for the government, they are still developing processes and products for a booming post-war world.

Next to their plants, patents are the most valuable assets of most manufacturing companies. With patents as a foundation enormous empires have been created — empires of international scope. What this means we have seen in the case of electric lamps, dyes, drugs, petroleum derivatives, aluminum, magnesium, alloys, optical instruments, glassware. Industrial research is the backbone of a colossal system of economic control. And, significantly enough, industrial research received its great impetus in this country when the higher Federal courts decided about 1896 that under a patent a manufacturer could dominate markets, regulate prices, fix outputs, in a word, do legally about everything that was forbidden under the Sherman anti-trust law. It will take years before the courts can lay down a policy which will clarify the conflict that now prevails between the interpretation of the Sherman law and the patent law. Meanwhile there is feverish activity in building up for

postwar purposes what is called "a strong patent situation."

As might be guessed, the opposition to the expropriation and the licensing of all patents is ostensibly based on the sanctity of free enterprise. The hired scientist of the industrial laboratory must be as free as a bird, runs the argument. Yet it is plain enough that as soon as a chemist, physicist or engineer enters the employ of an industrial laboratory he is caged. His end product is not only a discovery which may change housekeeping, transportation and the preservation of food but a patent which grants a limited monopoly.

The quality of the research conducted under this system is high despite the restraints. At least four Nobel prize winners have been corporation scientists. Most of our dyes, artificial fibers, plastics, synthetic rubbers, high-octane gasolines, radio sets, long-distance telephones, X-ray apparatus, vacuum tubes, electric lamps and photoelectric cells have come from brilliant hirelings who have at their disposal ample funds and fine equipment but who work as teams under the direction of a captain of research. So far as the evidence goes these corporation Edisons are a contented lot. But the argument that they are exponents of free

enterprise and that they are free to do as they please will not stand scrutiny. In government bureaus it is the same. There, too, we find salaried research scientists who have done extraordinary work under direction. Much of our public medicine and all of our fighting equipment have come from what is called "bureaucratic science."

Scientifically, at least, the war would be farther advanced had the Kilgore plan been adopted when the first thundercloud appeared on the European horizon. But because free enterprise in industrial research was considered sacred even in a totalitarian war, laboratories still compete with one another for patent control of peacetime markets. We have several thousand plastics, which can be classified into a few groups and of which we need possibly not more than a dozen. Scores of methods have been devised to detect flaws in metals, though few have marked advantages over others. Synthetic rubber can be made rapidly and at reasonable cost by one of a hundred different patented ways, but the industrial laboratories are still engaged in developing new ones, and thus wasting scientific knowledge that should be devoted to other matters. Every important oil company in the land has spent huge

sums in devising its own processes for making high-octane gasoline, and this for the reason that the postwar automobile will be driven by it, not to mention thousands of family airplanes and helicopters.

III

Though he would take a step in the right direction Senator Kilgore hardly goes far enough. He speaks of peacetime as well as wartime needs, but his plan would automatically be dropped in 1952. There is every reason why it should be a perpetual plan, why science and technology, as he himself says, "need to be considered as a national resource," and why the knowledge in the heads of technical men should be freely utilized. This does not mean that we must abandon the old system of freedom to investigate in any way that we please or that, after the treaty of peace is signed, industrial laboratories and university professors must become scientific soldiers in a huge research army ordered about more or less despotically in the Russian fashion. But it does mean that the government should undertake research on a new scale for the common good, so that science will no longer drift aimlessly, as it has drifted in the past. *Laissez-faire* has

been abandoned as an economic principle; it should also be abandoned, at least as a matter of government policy, in science.

The reason for this new viewpoint is the change that has come over the face of the world. Science is now the major force in progress. A backward country is to us one that has no industries, no machine-farming, no modern lamps, no good medicine. Free enterprise in the laboratory has not worked nearly so well as its champions would have us believe. Millionaires have endowed research richly, but we can no longer count on philanthropy in these days of high income and inheritance taxes. Moreover, the foundations work as independent organizations. Each has its own program, and the program of necessity must be restricted to a narrow field. Science is so vast that its possibilities cannot possibly be exploited by the most lavish private generosity. As for industry, it is limited by its desire for profits. It shows not the slightest interest in anything else. Even when it plunges into television, radio or electric illumination its heavy investment in plant acts as a brake on progress. The household refrigerators, the photoelectric cells that automatically open doors at our approach, the air-conditioning apparatus that

makes a sultry day bearable, the push-button conveniences that take the drudgery out of housekeeping, the rayon and nylon fibers, the plastics — all these we might have had fifty years ago if Old Man Profit had not been sitting on the neck of the Sindbad public.

This is no plea for collectivism. But it is a plea for a system of government-financed research which will accept science as a social force and make the most of it. In fact, the Russian system is the very last to which we should resort because it is tyranny. It imposes on possible Einsteins a state ideology that impedes revolutionary thinking. Science must be free to think what it pleases, and it can be free even though its work is planned and efficiently directed.

The shortcomings of industrial research under the prevalent *laissez-faire* system of research are apparent to scientists. One example is enough for our present purpose. Let us examine the coal industry. It has been known for nearly a century that to burn a ton of coal in a furnace to heat a house or to drive an engine is the equivalent of burning up a drug store. Every day millions of dollars worth of chemical values go up in smoke. Coal is the principal commodity hauled by railroads. It ought not to be

hauled at all. If we must burn carbon it should be in the form of coke, which the iron industry has used for centuries. Chemists have been saying so for half a century. Yet the coal companies have left to the chemical industries the task of extracting values out of coal — a task which will never be ended and which has not been systematically attacked even by the German chemical trust.

The reason for this inertia is tradition. Coal-mining is a very old industry, and the older the industry the less is its inclination to improve itself. A comparatively new business, like that of winning and selling petroleum, does much better. Once upon a time an oil company was content to bring in a gusher and wring from it merely kerosene, gasoline, lubricants and waxes. Research changed this picture. Today oil-companies are large-scale chemical manufacturers, and oil is merely their raw material. About everything that can be won from oil can be won from coal. Yet the coal companies conduct little research. Most of what we know about the chemical value of coal we owe to the Germans. If it were not for their systematic cultivation of coal-research, out of which came their process of synthesizing gasoline, Hitler would

have been defeated long ago. Coal companies have not even troubled to generate gas at the mine and to pipe it to distant cities. And if natural gas can be piped from Amarillo, Texas to Chicago, coal-gas can surely be piped from the Pennsylvania and West Virginia fields to New York and fifty communities on the way.

This one example is enough to show what government research could do to fill gaps that industry accepts almost supinely. If free enterprise means the freedom to neglect the possibilities of science and technology it is the clear duty of the government to assert itself. And this holds good for research as it is conducted by the great foundations and the universities and even the State and Federal governments, all of which attack problems piecemeal and follow plans which are much too small. There is no systematic attack on fundamentals. Everything is left to chance — the chance that some able investigator will be stirred into action and that he will somehow manage to raise the money that he needs to make his inquiries.

Senator Kilgore's plan should be broadened to include biology, psychology, geology, in fact, everything that we call "natural science." Science should be developed

uniformly on all fronts, whether or not there is profit or military advantage to be derived from the developing. We need an all-embracing plan, organization and competent direction. If the Russians can evolve and carry out such a plan so can we, and this without departing from the spirit of democracy, or the right of any business or university to carry on its scientific affairs as it pleases.

We need this larger treatment of science for good social reasons. Change within science always means social change for the better — the kind of social change that radio, the automobile, the railway, the telephone, the electric motor have brought about. Social change through science is inevitable even if we leave the universities and the industrial laboratories to their old devices. But give us integrated research, social purpose and direction and we shall in ten years make more discoveries than we have made in the last fifty. And the discoveries will belong not to patent monopolists, though they, too, will profit by the new knowledge, but to everybody, to physicians, astronomers, artists, farmers, mechanics, above all to that small business man who has been crowded to the wall and about whom the government is expressing so much concern.

When civilian feet go



BECAUSE OF GAS RATIONING, Americans are learning how to walk all over again.

In addition, thousands are working long hours at jobs where they stand or walk, or operate a machine with their feet.

This makes it advisable to know more about your feet, their health and care.

The foot is a complicated structure containing 26 bones connected by ligaments. Some of these ligaments are among the most powerful in the body. Shocks in walking are absorbed by the leg muscles through tendons attached to the bones of the foot.

Like any complicated machine, the feet can get out of order. Poor habits of

on a wartime schedule

walking or standing, or the wearing of improperly fitted shoes, if long continued, can force the feet out of shape.

Habitual toeing out, for example, either in standing or walking, is a common cause of weak or flat feet. Even perfectly healthy feet may rebel against unaccustomed hours of extra duty.

Corns, calluses, bunions, and hammertoes are indications that something is wrong. Perhaps it is the shoes you are wearing. Such danger signs indicate the need of a visit to a podiatrist-chiropractist or an orthopedic doctor.

If your feet protest at the end of the day, perhaps your shoes are improperly fitted, or unsuited to your work. Your posture may be at fault, or your feet may not be getting enough rest. You may have sinking of the arches, so that your feet require more support than is given by ordinary shoes.

New shoes should be comfortable when you first put them on. "Breaking in" shoes really means "breaking in" your feet!

When you buy shoes, try on *both* shoes and test the fit both standing and walking. Select shoes for the job they are to do! High, narrow heels are unsuitable for long hours of standing or walking. They may upset the body balance and cause strain in muscles of the feet, legs, and back.

Good foot health is important not only to foot comfort, but to the health of the entire body.

It is difficult to get all the exercise you need, when your feet are not in good condition. If the lack of exercise results in increased weight, the strain on the feet may become still greater.

The wisest course is to do everything to prevent foot trouble from developing.

Actually, your foot health can be better than ever under wartime's extra demands, if you observe the rules of foot hygiene and wear properly fitted shoes.

On request, Metropolitan will send you a folder about foot care, 103-L, entitled, "Light On Your Feet."

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HIGH JOHN DE CONQUER

BY ZORA NEALE HURSTON

MAYBE, now, we used-to-be black African folks can be of some help to our brothers and sisters who have always been white. You will take another look at us and say that we are still black and, ethnologically speaking, you will be right. But nationally and culturally, we are as white as the next one. We have put our labor and our blood into the common causes for a long time. We have given the rest of the nation song and laughter. Maybe now, in this terrible struggle, we can give something else — the source and soul of our laughter and song. We offer you our hope-bringer, High John de Conquer.

High John de Conquer came to be a man, and a mighty man at that. But he was not a natural man in the beginning. First off, he was a whisper, a will to hope, a wish to find something worthy of laughter and song. Then the whisper put on flesh. His footsteps sounded across

the world in a low but musical rhythm as if the world he walked on was a singing-drum. The black folks had an irresistible impulse to laugh. High John de Conquer was a man in full, and had come to live and work on the plantations, and all the slave folks knew him in the flesh.

The sign of this man was a laugh, and his singing-symbol was a drum-beat. No parading drum-shout like soldiers out for show. It did not call to the feet of those who were fixed to hear it. It was an inside thing to live by. It was sure to be heard when and where the work was the hardest, and the lot the most cruel. It helped the slaves endure. They knew that something better was coming. So they laughed in the face of things and sang, "I'm so glad! Trouble don't last always." And the white people who heard them were struck dumb that they could laugh. In an outside way, this

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was Old Massa's fun, so what was Old Cuffy laughing for?

Old Massa couldn't know, of course, but High John de Conquer was there walking his plantation like a natural man. He was treading the sweat-flavored clods of the plantation, crushing out his drum tunes, and giving out secret laughter. He walked on the winds and moved fast. Maybe he was in Texas when the lash fell on a slave in Alabama, but before the blood was dry on the back he was there. A faint pulsing of a drum like a goat-skin stretched over a heart, that came nearer and closer, then somebody in the saddened quarters would feel like laughing, and say, "Now, High John de Conquer, Old Massa couldn't get the best of *him*. That old John was a case!" Then everybody sat up and began to smile. Yes, yes, that was right. Old John, High John could beat the unbeatable. He was top-superior to the whole mess of sorrow. He could beat it all, and what made it so cool, finish it off with a laugh. So they pulled the covers up over their souls and kept them from all hurt, harm and danger and made them a laugh and a song. Night time was a joke, because daybreak was on the way. Distance and the impossible had no power over High John de Conquer.

He had come from Africa. He came walking on the waves of sound. Then he took on flesh after he got here. The sea captains of ships knew that they brought slaves in their ships. They knew about those black bodies huddled down there in the middle passage, being hauled across the waters to helplessness. John de Conquer was walking the very winds that filled the sails of the ships. He followed over them like the albatross.

It is no accident that High John de Conquer has evaded the ears of white people. They were not supposed to know. You can't know what folks won't tell you. If they, the white people, heard some scraps, they could not understand because they had nothing to hear things like that with. They were not looking for any hope in those days, and it was not much of a strain for them to find something to laugh over. Old John would have been out of place for them.

Old Massa met our hope-bringer all right, but when Old Massa met him, he was not going by his right name. He was traveling, and touring around the plantations as the laugh-provoking Brer Rabbit. So Old Massa and Old Miss and their young ones laughed with and at Brer Rabbit and wished him well. And all the time, there was High

John de Conquer playing his tricks of making a way out of no-way. Hitting a straight lick with a crooked stick. Winning the jack pot with no other stake but a laugh. Fighting a mighty battle without outside-showing force, and winning his war from within. Really winning in a permanent way, for he was winning with the soul of the black man whole and free. So he could use it afterwards. For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? You would have nothing but a cruel, vengeful, grasping monster come to power. John de Conquer was a bottom-fish. He was deep. He had the wisdom tooth of the East in his head. Way over there, where the sun rises a day ahead of time, they say that Heaven arms with love and laughter those it does not wish to see destroyed. He who carries his heart in his sword must perish. So says the ultimate law. High John de Conquer knew a lot of things like that. He who wins from within is in the "Be" class. *Be* here when the ruthless man comes, and *be* here when he is gone.

Moreover, John knew that it is written where it cannot be erased, that nothing shall live on human flesh and prosper. Old Maker said that before He made any more sayings. Even a man-eating tiger and

lion can teach a person that much. His flabby muscles and mangy hide can teach an emperor right from wrong. If the emperor would only listen.

II

There is no established picture of what sort of looking-man this John de Conquer was. To some, he was a big, physical-looking man like John Henry. To others, he was a little, hammered-down, low-built man like the Devil's doll-baby. Some said that they never heard what he looked like. Nobody told them, but he lived on the plantation where their old folks were slaves. He is not so well known to the present generation of colored people in the same way that he was in slavery time. Like King Arthur of England, he has served his people, and gone back into mystery again. And, like King Arthur, he is not dead. He waits to return when his people shall call again. Symbolic of English power, Arthur came out of the water, and with Excalibur, went back into the water again. High John de Conquer went back to Africa, but he left his power here, and placed his American dwelling in the root of a certain plant. Only possess that root, and he can be summoned at any time.

"Of course, High John de Conquer got plenty power!," Aunt Shady Anne Sutton bristled at me when I asked her about him. She took her pipe out of her mouth and stared at me out of her deeply wrinkled face. "I hope you ain't one of these here smart colored folks that done got so they don't believe nothing, and come here questioning me so you can have something to poke fun at. Done got shamed of the things that brought us through. Make out 'tain't no such thing no more."

When I assured her that that was not the case, she went on.

"Sho John de Conquer means power. That's bound to be so. He come to teach and tell us. God don't leave nobody ignorant, you child. Don't care where He drops you down, He puts you on a notice. He don't want folks taken advantage of because they don't know. Now, back there in slavery time, us didn't have no power of protection, and God knowed it, and put us under watch-care. Rattlesnakes never bit no colored folks until four years after freedom was declared. That was to give us time to learn and to know. 'Course, I don't know nothing about slavery personal like. I wasn't born till two years after the Big Surrender. Then I wasn't nothing but a infant baby

when I was born, so I couldn't know nothing but what they told me. My mama told me, and I know that she wouldn't mislead me, how High John de Conquer helped us out. He had done taught the black folks so they knowed a hundred years ahead of time that freedom was coming. Long before the white folks knowed anything about it at all.

"These young Negroes reads they books and talk about the war freeing the Negroes, but Aye, Lord! A heap sees, but a few knows. 'Course, the war was a lot of help, but how come the war took place? They think they knows, but they don't. John de Conquer had done put it into the white folks to give us our freedom, that's what. Old Massa fought against it, but us could have told him that it wasn't no use. Freedom just *had* to come. The time set aside for it was there. That war was just a sign and a symbol of the thing. That's the truth! If I tell the truth about everything as good as I do about that, I can go straight to Heaven without a prayer."

Aunt Shady Anne was giving the inside feeling and meaning to the outside laughs around John de Conquer. He romps, he clowns, and looks ridiculous, but if you will, you can read something deeper be-

hind it all. He is loping on off from the Tar Baby with a laugh.

Take, for instance, those words he had with Old Massa about stealing pigs.

Old John was working in Old Massa's house that time, serving around the eating table. Old Massa loved roasted young pigs, and had them often for dinner. Old John loved them too, but Massa never allowed the slaves to eat any at all. Even put aside the left-over and ate it next time. John de Conquer got tired of that. He took to stopping by the pig pen when he had a strong taste for pig-meat, and getting himself one, and taking it on down to his cabin and cooking it.

Massa began to miss his pigs, and made up his mind to squat for who was taking them and give whoever it was a good hiding. So John kept on taking pigs, and one night Massa walked him down. He stood out there in the dark and saw John kill the pig and went on back to the "big house" and waited till he figured John had it dressed and cooking. Then he went on down to the quarters and knocked on John's door.

"Who dat?," John called out big and bold, because he never dreamed that it was Massa rapping.

"It's me, John," Massa told him. "I want to come in."

"What you want, Massa? I'm coming right out."

"You needn't to do that, John. I want to come in."

"Naw, naw, Massa. You don't want to come into no old slave cabin. Youse too fine a man for that. It would hurt my feelings to see you in a place like this here one."

"I tell you I want to come in, John!"

So John had to open the door and let Massa in. John had seasoned that pig *down*, and it was stinking pretty! John knowed Old Massa couldn't help but smell it. Massa talked on about the crops and hound dogs and one thing and another, and the pot with the pig in it was hanging over the fire in the chimney and kicking up. The smell got better and better.

Way after while, when that pig had done simbled down to a low gravy, Massa said, "John, what's that you cooking in that pot?"

"Nothing but a little old weasly possum, Massa. Sickliest little old possum I ever did see. But I thought I'd cook him anyhow."

"Get a plate and give me some of it, John. I'm hungry."

"Aw, naw, Massa, you ain't hungry."

"Now, John, I don't mean to argue with you another minute.

You give me some of that in the pot, or I mean to have the hide off of your back tomorrow morning. Give it to me!"

So John got up and went and got a plate and a fork and went to the pot. He lifted the lid and looked at Massa and told him, "Well, Massa, I put this thing in here a possum, but if it comes out a pig, it ain't no fault of mine."

Old Massa didn't want to laugh, but he did before he caught himself. He took the plate of brownded-down pig and ate it up. He never said nothing, but he gave John and all the other house servants roast pig at the big house after that.

III

John had numerous scrapes and tight squeezes, but he usually came out like Brer Rabbit. Pretty occasionally, though, Old Massa won the hand. The curious thing about this is, that there are no bitter tragic tales at all. When Old Massa won, the thing ended up in a laugh just the same. Laughter at the expense of the slave, but laughter right on. A sort of recognition that life is not one-sided. A sense of humor that said, "We are just as ridiculous as anybody else. We can be wrong, too."

There are many tales, and variants of each, of how the Negro got his freedom through High John de Conquer. The best one deals with a plantation where the work was hard, and Old Massa mean. Even Old Miss used to pull her maids' ears with hot firetongs when they got her riled. So, naturally, Old John de Conquer was around that plantation a lot.

"What we need is a song," he told the people after he had figured the whole thing out. "It ain't here, and it ain't no place I knows of as yet. Us better go hunt around. This has got to be a particular piece of singing."

But the slaves were scared to leave. They knew what Old Massa did for any slave caught running off.

"Oh, Old Massa don't need to know you gone from here. How? Just leave your old work-tired bodies around for him to look at, and he'll never realize youse way off somewhere, going about your business."

At first they wouldn't hear to John, that is, some of them. But, finally, the weak gave in to the strong, and John told them to get ready to go while he went off to get something for them to ride on. They were all gathered up under a big hickory nut tree. It was noon

time and they were knocked off from chopping cotton to eat their dinner. And then that tree was right where Old Massa and Old Miss could see from the cool veranda of the big house. And both of them were sitting out there to watch.

"Wait a minute, John. Where we going to get something to wear off like that. We can't go nowhere like you talking about dressed like we is."

"Oh, you got plenty things to wear. Just reach inside yourselves and get out all those fine raiments you been toting around with you for the last longest. They is in there, all right. I know. Get 'em out, and put 'em on."

So the people began to dress. And then John hollered back for them to get out their musical instruments so they could play music on the way. They were right inside where they got their fine raiments from. So they began to get them out. Nobody remembered that Massa and Miss were setting up there on the veranda looking things over. So John went off for a minute. After that they all heard a big sing of wings. It was John come back, riding on a great black crow. The crow was so big that one wing rested on the morning, while the other dusted off the evening star.

John lighted down and helped them, so they all mounted on, and the bird took out straight across the deep blue sea. But it was a pearly blue, like ten squillion big pearl jewels dissolved in running gold. The shore around it was all grainy gold itself.

Like Jason in search of the golden fleece, John and his party went to many places, and had numerous adventures. They stopped off in Hell where John, under the name of Jack, married the Devil's youngest daughter and became a popular character. So much so, that when he and the Devil had some words because John turned the dampers down in old Original Hell and put some of the Devil's hogs to barbecue over the coals, John ran for High Chief Devil and won the election. The rest of his party was overjoyed at the possession of power and wanted to stay there. But John said no. He reminded them that they had come in search of a song. A song that would whip Old Massa's earlaps down. The song was not in Hell. They must go on.

The party escaped out of Hell behind the Devil's two fast horses. One of them was named Hallowed-Be-Thy-Name, and the other, Thy-Kingdom-Come. They made it to the mountain. Somebody told them that the Golden

Stairs went up from there. John decided that since they were in the vicinity, they might as well visit Heaven.

They got there a little weary and timid. But the gates swung wide for them, and they went in. They were bathed, robed, and given new and shining instruments to play on. Guitars of gold, and drums, and cymbals and wind-singing instruments. They walked up Amen Avenue, and down Hallelujah Street, and found with delight that Amen Avenue was tuned to sing bass and alto. The west end was deep bass, and the east end alto. Hallelujah Street was tuned for tenor and soprano, and the two promenades met right in front of the throne and made harmony by themselves. You could make any tune you wanted to by the way you walked. John and his party had a very good time at that and other things. Finally, by the way they acted and did, Old Maker called them up before His great workbench, and made them a tune and put it in their mouths. It had no words. It was a tune that you could bend and shape in most any way you wanted to fit the words and feelings that you had. They learned it and began to sing.

Just about that time a loud rough voice hollered, "You Tunk! You

July! You Aunt Diskie!" Then Heaven went black before their eyes and they couldn't see a thing until they saw the hickory nut tree over their heads again. There was everything just like they had left it, with Old Massa and Old Miss sitting on the veranda, and Massa was doing the hollering.

"You all are taking a mighty long time for dinner," Massa said. "Get up from there and get on back to the field. I mean for you to finish chopping that cotton today if it takes all night long. I got something else, harder than that, for you to do tomorrow. Get a move on you!"

They heard what Massa said, and they felt bad right off. But John de Conquer took and told them, saying, "Don't pay what he say no mind. You know where you got something finer than this plantation and anything it's got on it, put away. Ain't that funny? Us got all that, and he don't know nothing at all about it. Don't tell him nothing. Nobody don't have to know where us gets our pleasure from. Come on. Pick up your hoes and let's go."

They all began to laugh and grabbed up their hoes and started out.

"Ain't that funny?" Aunt Diskie laughed and hugged herself with

secret laughter. "Us got all the advantage, and Old Massa think he got us tied!"

The crowd broke out singing as they went off to work. The day didn't seem hot like it had before. Their gift song came back into their memories in pieces, and they sang about glittering new robes and harps, and the work flew.

IV

So after a while, freedom came. Therefore High John de Conquer has not walked the winds of America for seventy-five years now. His people had their freedom, their laugh and their song. They have traded it to the other Americans for things they could use like education and property, and acceptance. High John knew that that was the way it would be, so he could retire with his secret smile into the soil of the South and wait.

The thousands upon thousands of humble people who still believe in him, that is, in the power of love and laughter to win by their subtle power, do John reverence by getting the root of the plant in which he has taken up his secret dwelling, and "dressing" it with perfume, and keeping it on their person, or in their houses in a secret place. It is there to help them overcome

things they feel that they could not beat otherwise, and to bring them the laugh of the day. John will never forsake the weak and the helpless, nor fail to bring hope to the hopeless. That is what they believe, and so they do not worry. They go on and laugh and sing. Things are bound to come out right tomorrow. That is the secret of Negro song and laughter.

So the brother in black offers to these United States the source of courage that endures, and laughter. High John de Conquer. If the news from overseas reads bad, and the nation inside seems like it is stuck in the Tar Baby, listen hard, and you will hear John de Conquer treading on his singing-drum. You will know then, that no matter how bad things look now, it will be worse for those who seek to oppress us. Even if your hair comes yellow, and your eyes are blue, John de Conquer will be working for you just the same. From his secret place, he is working for all America now. We are all his kinfolks. Just be sure our cause is right, and then you can lean back and say, "John de Conquer would know what to do in a case like this, and then he would finish it off with a laugh."

White America, take a laugh out of our black mouths, and win! We give you High John de Conquer.

► *Britain and Russia have
spheres of influence, but*

AMERICANS ARE RUNNING PERSIA

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

YES, we have taken Iran (Persia) into our protective custody. We have done it so quietly and secretly that few Americans until recently had any idea that we were rushing thousands of civilians and great masses of supplies there long before Pearl Harbor, and then followed them up with an army called the "Persian Gulf Service Command," composed of working troops instead of highly specialized combatant regiments. The United States has gone half way around the globe to hold the bag in Iran, thus venturing boldly into a most delicate international situation, for there are strong English and Russian armies on Iranian soil. They marched into Iran early in the war and defeated the little Iranian army. Thereupon the Shah and his government turned to us as the only other great Power remaining among the Allies and asked us in as a protector. We accepted the invitation.

How long shall we remain in Persia? How long will our tutelage of the Persians for their own little

good last? Shall we really run that rich oil country wholly for the benefit of its inhabitants, or finally with an eye to our own advantage? Our oil magnates now tell us that we shall be out of the necessary gasoline and furnace oil in this country in thirteen and one-half years and that we must look abroad at once for replenishment. Shall we ignore the fact that England dominates the oil situation in Persia and that our oil producers object to the way they have been frozen out, or think they have been? Is this to be a test case in benevolent American imperialism, or is it a new type of imperialist penetration? Can we remain chock-a-block with the British and Russians in dominating Iran and then leave as soon as the war is over, trusting the British and the Russians also to retire promptly? These and numerous other questions surge to the front as American troops under Major General Donald B. Connolly labor for the rehabilitation and physical development of Iran.

Their motor vehicles crowd the roads. The old highways and the new that we have built have overnight "transformed the Persian plain and plateau into a vast conveyor-belt over which move planes, tanks, armored cars, raw materials, explosives, trucks, jeeps and guns for Russian soldiers." Through the mountains our trucks and trailers push day and night, and what they cannot handle goes to the capital, Teheran, *via* the Persian State Railway now in our hands. American cars, and American locomotives driven by American firemen and engineers in uniform, dominate that railroad, starting from three harbors on the Persian Gulf which have been rebuilt and modernized by American enterprise and skill in an incredibly short time. All of this has taken place in a country 14,186 statute miles from our Atlantic ports. It had to be reached at the risk of submarine sinkings in the midst of the world's greatest war. But we are not restricting our efforts to military transportation; we are actively putting our stamp on the development of the whole country and have already erected monuments that will endure for years to come.

All of this was symbolized on March 30 last when a train, drawn by two American eighty-ton loco-

motives that must have made homesick every American who looked at them, steamed into the crowded Teheran station after a 650-mile journey from the Persian Gulf. Out of the cab windows of the first engine leaned Sergeant Howard Blair of Breckinridge, Minnesota, who not long ago was a fireman on the Great Northern Railroad, and Corporal Chester Clark of Muscatine, Iowa, who used to earn his living on the Muscatine Line.

Below them on the crowded platform stood General Connolly, and near him Major General A. N. Koroloff, chief of Soviet transportation in Persia, and many American and Russian officers and Persian officials who had assembled to watch the arrival of the first all-American train. General Koroloff could not conceal his joy as his own Russian train crews relieved the American engineers and trainmen and prepared to conduct the train the remainder of the way to the Russian frontier. For this meant another nail in Hitler's coffin, and the delivery of huge quantities of supplies to the embattled Soviets.

Let no one think that that was an easy journey which this first American train covered on its way to the Russian boundary. This Per-

sian Railway is a magnificent undertaking and it passes through a superb country full of snow-covered mountains, dizzy heights and deep valleys and gorges. At one point it rises to 7200 feet and there are no less than 132 tunnels, one of which is two and a half miles long, together with innumerable curves and startling bridges.

It is an irony of fate that Germans, as well as Czechs, contributed to the building of this road which cost \$132,000,000 and was paid for as it was built, for it is now making a most substantial contribution to the defeat of the German armies in Russia. Today Colonel Paul F. Yount, of Alliance, Ohio, manages the railroad although he is but thirty-four years of age, and has helped to supervise the reconstruction of the single-track railroad so that it can carry the heavy loads being brought up by the great American trains with their diesel locomotives. The railroad begins at the vital Iranian harbors of Bandar Shahpur and Khorranshahr on the Persian Gulf. We have built forty additional miles of railroad to connect the main line with the nearby Iraqi port of Basra, thus crossing the frontier into that neighboring country, also dominated by the United Nations. In all three ports

lie dozens and dozens of American ships, many tied up to new docks where formerly they had to lie miles off shore and get their cargoes to dry land by means of small boats and lighters.

Our objective is to forward no less than 6000 tons a day from the three ports to the Russian railroad men in Teheran. We haven't yet reached that goal, though we have put more than 150 American locomotives in service, together with more than 3000 flat-cars, tank-cars, box-cars, and gondolas—most of them new. By January last American and Iranian workmen were setting up one locomotive and thirty cars daily in Persian machine shops and assembly sheds. Colonel John A. Appleton of the Army Transportation Corps declared after a personal inspection, that specially designed cars "are now riding the rails through bitter mountain cold and scorching desert temperatures, which hit 130° Fahrenheit in the shade. They are taking every kind of punishment imaginable—and they are holding up splendidly." The Colonel was especially impressed by the fact that the Iranians have proved to be "industrious workers, fine machinists and excellent railroaders." Despite their extraordinary differences in origin and

training, the Persian and American crews get on remarkably well — there are mixed crews on all the trains. The Colonel says it is worth a trip to Persia to see an American sergeant-conductor trying to make himself understood, by means of signs and a few words of terrible Persian, by the long-bearded Persian engineer of his train. But our officers have some hard lessons to learn in handling ordinary native labor. One lieutenant thought he was very smart when he gave some wheelbarrows to his road gang of Iranians who were hauling cement in buckets on their heads for a bridge construction. "Now," said the young officer to his superior, "you will see the work hum." For one day the workers politely wheeled their barrows to and fro, but on the next day they had removed the wheels and were carrying the barrows filled with cement upon their sturdy heads.

II

If they who hold the purse strings rule a nation, then we are certainly in charge of Persia. For an American, Dr. Arthur C. Millspaugh, with his staff of seven assistants, is in charge of all the finances of Persia. It is his second term in this

office, since he was the Administrator-General from 1922 until 1927, during which time he did such an extremely good job that the Persian Government asked for his reappointment; it has also not forgotten that thirty-two years ago a remarkable American, W. Morgan Shuster, was the Treasurer-General and financial advisor for Persia for seven months until he was forced out by a foreign intrigue.

Dr. Millspaugh now has the most sweeping authority. He prepares the Iranian budget, has the power to reorganize any or all of the departments of the Finance Ministry, and can hire, transfer or dismiss any employé. His contract with the Government gives him the right to sit in at all the meetings of the Council of Ministers, to attend the sessions of any committees of the Majles, as the parliament is called, and to give his advice upon any policies the Majles may wish to discuss, with heavy odds that his views as to those policies will be accepted by it. More than that, he is in charge of all the customs, of the enforcement of every fiscal law.

No payment or transfer of funds can be made by anybody without Dr. Millspaugh's consent, and if he wishes to change existing laws, or to improve any methods of ad-

ministration whatsoever, he is authorized to do so without taking the time to consult with anybody. He can insist upon economy in the public expenditures, and he can demand new outlays for efficiency's sake, or for the sake of progress in any direction that he sees fit. Last, but not least, he has access to all financial documents, controls all accounts and all bookkeeping. Not even the Shah or the parliament can find fault with anything he does in this field. So sweeping are the powers granted to him in his formal contract, which runs for five years, that there seems to be but one limitation upon him — that he shall not interfere either in political or religious matters, which probably does not bother him in the least degree.

If any reader thinks by this time that Dr. Millspaugh is a complete Pooh Bah, let him wait just one moment and read what Lieut. Col. Abraham A. Neuwirth of the Army Medical Corps is doing during his present stay in Teheran. He is advisor and consultant at the Pasteur Institute, supervising its food and water analyses, its trachoma studies, the production and use of typhus vaccine. He is particularly concerned with the production and importation of chemicals, chemical and medical appliances, and phar-

maceuticals, and with the food situation in its relation to health. He is, of course, medical advisor to our lend-lease mission to Iran, just as he is medical liaison officer to the American Military Mission to the Iranian Army, which is headed by Major General Clarence S. Ridley. Next, he is chairman of the medical advisory committee to the Central Supplies Committee, and of the Potable Water Commission for Teheran.

Just to fill in his off moments, Colonel Neuwirth is a member of the Public Assistance Commission, the Typhus Commission, the Typhoid Commission, the Smallpox Commission, the Pharmaceutical Advisory Commission, and he is the American liaison officer with the medical and health agencies of the other countries represented in Persia. When he has nothing else to do, he consults and cooperates with the health and sanitary agencies of the cities of Teheran and Isfahan, and serves on a mixed commission concerned with the diets for fully 120,000 Polish and Jewish refugees who have poured into Iran from Russia and been received with all the hospitality the Persians have to offer. Finally, the Colonel is the doctor for the American personnel of the various missions.

When it comes to the preserva-

tion of peace and order in the Shah's Kingdom, we come across an American whose name will astonish every reader with a memory of a startling event. Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf was head of the New Jersey State Police during the trial of the Lindbergh murder case. When the Iranian Government decided that they wanted an American to modernize, drill and discipline their National Constabulary, it asked us to recommend a man of exceptional attainments. The State Department unhesitatingly sent Colonel Schwarzkopf's name to Teheran. With him are two other officers of our army and they can be relied upon to do a good job. The special task of building an honest and efficient local police in the towns and cities has been given to Mr. L. Stephen Timmerman, formerly of the New York Institute of Public Administration. In not a single case have politics or favoritism played a rôle with the men we have sent to Iran.

General Ridley's task as "advisor" to the Iranian army is one that calls for rare diplomacy and tact, for whatever he does is carefully watched by the officers of the Russian and British forces still on Persian soil. As it is, General Ridley can only train the Iranian army for purely domestic military serv-

ice, to be of use with Colonel Schwarzkopf's constabulary if there should be any internal disorders. That there is possible danger of that is due to the dire distress in Persia, with many people on the verge of starvation. An American, Mr. Joseph P. Sheridan, and two American assistants have the very difficult task of giving "advice" to the Shah and the Majles on the question of food.

Grain is the staple food and much has to be imported. Between August 1, 1941 and August 1, 1942, 75,000 tons were brought in, chiefly from Canada, with, however, only 65,000 tons for the twelve months ending in August 1943. None of this goes for the support of the foreign armies, but on the other hand the Russian and British forces on Persian soil are receiving locally grown potatoes, onions, beans, and other vegetables, besides fats, meats and oranges, and the Iranians are compelled to give of their limited supply of horses and donkeys to the Russian army. It is Mr. Sheridan's tough job to make everything else in the way of food go as far as possible in equitable distribution, and above all to prevent any speculation in foods. Thus he is a one-man OPA, while Professor L. F. Winsor, the American agricultural advisor, is head of the

Department of Irrigation, and is chiefly concerned with increasing the production of staples to the future advantage of the Shah's people. The only reason why we have not also taken over the Persian educational system is due, perhaps, to the extreme difficulties of transportation. Professor Paul Monroe, who has had a foreign educational experience surpassed by hardly any other American, was asked to head a three months' educational mission to survey the whole Iranian system. The lack of air transportation prevented his going.

III

Now what are the agreements between the United Nations and Persia? Under a treaty of alliance between Great Britain, the Soviet Union and Iran, concluded on January 29, 1942, Iran agreed to co-operate with the Allied Powers in every way possible in return for their promise, jointly and severally, to defend Iran by all means at their command from aggression on the part of Germany or any other Power. The two Allied Powers have given themselves the unrestricted right "to use, maintain, guard and, in case of military necessity, control in any way that they may require, all means of

communication throughout Iran, including railroads, roads, rivers, aerodromes, ports, pipelines, and telephone, telegraph and wireless installations." Persia was also compelled to pledge all possible assistance in obtaining materials and recruiting labor to maintain certain means of communication, and to operate a censorship in connection with Russia and England, who by this treaty reserved the right to keep in Iranian territory "land, sea and air forces in such number as they consider necessary."

In return the Allied governments gave the assurance in this treaty that the presence of their forces on Iranian territory "does not constitute a military occupation," and that they will disturb as little as possible the administration of the country, its economic life and the application of its laws and regulations. But it plainly seemed so much like the "friendly cooperation" which Hitler has extended over some countries so unlucky as to have fallen into his maw, that the Iranians made, as said, great haste to call in the United States. The Allied Powers agreed, however, that their forces will be withdrawn from Iranian territory not later than six months after the hostilities between them and Germany and her associates have been ended

by an armistice or armistices, or on the conclusion of peace between them, whichever date is the earlier.

The Iranians insist that the invasion of their country by the British and Russians was wholly unnecessary so far as the relationship of their country to Germany was concerned; they were quite ready to cooperate with the Allies, and more than ready to expel all Germans from Persian soil. Their army today is not only no menace, but all the ammunition produced in Persia goes to the Russians, and their factories are almost wholly working for the British and Russian armies. And all Persian manpower is at the disposition of Russia and England under the treaty, and of the United States through good-will.

As for our own official relations with Persia, to draw the bonds between the two countries still closer Secretary of State Hull and the Persian Minister in Washington on April 8 signed the second reciprocal trade agreement with a Near Eastern nation. Under it the United States has reduced its tariffs on hand-made Oriental rugs, cashmere goat hair, copper ware, Persian rugs and lambskins, and has definitely fixed at present levels the rates on dates, pistache nuts, and, gourmets take notice, on caviar —

the finest "Russian" caviar comes from Persia! Over the signature of Mohammed Shayesteh, the Minister of Iran, his country has pledged itself to "bind" or reduce the tariffs on American motor-cars and their parts, on trucks, tires when we have them, on tractors and agricultural machinery, typewriters, motion picture films, radios, and other American products. If there is no chance of Persia getting much from us at present, it would seem as if with all those empty ships of ours returning from the Persian Gulf there should be plenty of room for all the exports that Persia can spare. Trade between the two countries was valued at \$150,000,000 in 1940.

From all the above it is plain that there is left only a very small twilight zone in which the Shah's government can now function independently. It is a pawn, completely dominated by three kingdoms, two of which have for generations cast shadows over Persia's international relations. The Shah's people have feared Russia and disliked England, despite the fact that they have done so much business with British capitalists. Now they tremble lest the United States leave them in the lurch before the British and Russians have evacuated the country.

CLINICAL NOTES

THE LIBERAL LABEL

A FIERCE controversy has been raging about the grade-labelling of commodities. On the rights and wrongs of this question I am not competent to judge. But the need for grade-labelling in the field of ideas is painfully and acutely obvious. Political characterizations are often used without the slightest respect for their historical and logical meanings.

Take the good old word *liberal*, for instance. The liberal of the nineteenth century followed a coherent and consistent philosophy. He believed in the rights of the individual and he cherished a healthy distrust of the state. He supported social reforms insofar as these enlarged the capacity of the individual for freedom and the enjoyment of the good life. He opposed changes that would imply undue regimentation of the individual by the state. He attached the highest, most unreserved value to the civil and personal liberties and regarded with instinctive antipathy any régime, however lofty its pretensions, that did not tolerate freedom

of speech and press and assembly and election.

But what can we say of the twentieth century "liberals?" There are some who have remained faithful to the great civilized libertarian tradition of Milton and Locke and Mill. But far too many individuals who are loosely and inaccurately called liberals are to be found in the ranks of the fellow-travellers, of the "I am not a Communist, but . . ." school. And Soviet communism is the negation of every value on which historic liberalism has laid the greatest stress: the dignity and value of individual human life, the inalienable right of the human personality as against state dictation, political and personal and civil liberty.

Another tendency of modern "liberals" that would make the authentic liberal, whose deep distrust of a tyrannical state is inherited from his Puritan and non-conformist ancestors, writhe in anguish is to deify the state, to create the utopian mirage that an omnipotent bureaucracy would make the whole human race happy, healthy and wise.

In this age the authentic liberal must be something of a conservative, because civilization is fighting a back-to-the-wall battle for the preservation of the fundamental liberties and decencies that were taken for granted in North America and in most European countries before the outbreak of the First World War. I vote for as quick and thorough and scholarly a job of grade-labelling in the field of ideas as may be possible. And I venture the prediction that when this process is completed it will be found that the two opposed camps that really matter at the present time are made up of those who believe the people should own the government and those who believe the government should own the people.

— WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

WAR: A GERMAN INDUSTRY

THE widespread belief that the Germans are fanatical warriors who will fight to the last man and the last bullet is a myth. The opposite is actually the truth. Far from being fanatical fighters, the Germans are *professional* warriors, which is quite another thing. Professionals do not fight for the sake of dying — as the Japs and other passionate amateurs do — but for the sake of winning.

Professional soldiers fight skillfully and coolly, as the Germans have always fought, under Kaiser or Führer. They fight with calculation, having estimated their chances of winning to the last centimeter. When their estimates show that the odds are overwhelmingly against them, these cool-headed professionals stop wasting their ammunition.

The fact is that the Germans have been warriors for centuries; professional soldiering is imbedded deeply in the Teutonic character. Two thousand years ago Julius Caesar remarked that "their whole life is addicted to hunting and war." Tacitus said of them: "They hate peace. They even think it feeble to win with sweat what can be won with blood." The centuries wrought little change in this respect. "A German," wrote Horace Walpole in 1762, "loves fighting for its own sake." And a generation later Mirabeau, after a visit to Germany, made the striking observation that "war is the national industry of Prussia."

It still is. War is a regular business to the German nation, and like every other business, it is based upon the calculation of risk, profit, or loss. In the last eighty years the Germans have fought five wars, three of which have been

profitable, one was lost, and one is still going on. All of these wars were undertaken by the Germans with precise, businesslike calculation. Not one of these wars was for an ideal. All of them had for their object easy profit — territorial expansion, loot, indemnities. In general, it has been a profitable business to Germany, despite occasional reverses. But all great business enterprises run the risk of loss, and war is no exception. German strategists have undoubtedly worked out actuarial tables of profit and loss. They know what pays and what does not pay. They know how far they can go with profit. They also know when to stop.

That is why it is certain, I think, that the war will come to a quick and sudden end. The Germans will fight so long as they think they have a fifty-fifty chance of winning, but when they become convinced that the odds are too heavy, they will do exactly what they did in November, 1918 — liquidate the undertaking as a bad investment, and quietly begin to lay plans for the next enterprise.

— S. K. PADOVER

CONSERVATIVE OPINION

THE gyrations of opinion in the conservative world are almost as comic as those in the communist

world. When Hoover was President and having trouble with Congress, leaders of "sound" thought had at the legislators with incessant calumny, urging them to go home and let the Chief Executive run things efficiently; now these same leaders of "sound" thought are appalled at the vigorous manner in which Mr. Roosevelt has handled affairs and are delighted that Congress has ceased being a "rubber stamp."

When the "liberal" bloc in the Senate and House voted for investigations of governmental agencies during the Harding, Coolidge and Hoover administrations, "level-headed" thinkers charged that these inquiries were hampering the smooth functioning of the government and were purely political in motive; now, in the midst of the greatest war in our history, they applaud every time a Wheeler or a Byrd calls for a committee to look into the tiniest bureau of the most insignificant department. Again, when Harding, Coolidge and Hoover were in the White House, the conservatives were dismayed that some "carping and obstructionist" newspapers dared to criticise what went on in Washington; now they seek refuge in the Bill of Rights when spokesmen for the Army and Navy deplore the practice of two newspapers of large circulation that

persistently print material that is patently injurious to the morale of the fighting forces — and in at least one instance came close to tipping off the Japanese of a crucial military move in the Pacific.

—C. A.

HOLLYWOOD COLUMNISTS

THERE are, of course, many other candidates for the distinction but personally I consider columning out of Hollywood the greatest racket known to man — and woman. For a maximum of 1500 words a day this labor pays off in prestige, presents, publicity and pretzels. The successful practitioner can make a little off-record extra by playing up certain names in his column. His day-to-day expenses are microscopic. His liquor is provided; lunch and dinner checks are gleefully grabbed by press agents; his smallest wish, from a set of silver to a fur coat for the missus, is forestalled by grateful biggies.

The only difficult part is to get into the glory seat. It may come through a juicy advertising account at the disposal of the would-be columnist. Or through a drag with some publisher. Or through a reputation in some other field. It may even come, though this is rare, through years of hard leg-work covering Hollywood for some

paper or agency. In any event, life thenceforth is soup of the finest duck. Any honest Hollywood scribe will tell you that the happiest part of the columning business is that you don't have to do any work. The studios do it for you. Big staffs of space hunters grow gray creating newsy bits for you, ready for print without changing a comma. They think up smart cracks for you, attributed to stars who could not understand such things let alone crack 'em. Every lot has what is known as a "planter" whose job it is to call up ranking columnists and transmit items dredged up that day. He also mails batches of "possibilities" to his columnar contacts.

If you are really a big shot in the racket, you also have your own leg-men who collect a line or two a day for you. One columnist, indeed, has a slave who writes his column, another who does his radio show, and two more who corral stories. His own visible contribution is playing golf six days a week and reading the prepared script over the air on the seventh.

As one who has watched the process all too intimately, I can outline the main qualifications for successful columning in Hollywood: (1) an insatiable curiosity for what is not your business; (2) the ability to drink all the grog handed you;

(3) a cutthroat attitude toward your colleagues; and (4) if you are a woman, a gigantic rudeness. The last point puts you on a par with male competitors by erasing the superstition that you are the weaker vessel. You must be able to sweep onto sets, clutch the star to your bosom whether the cameras are grinding or not, and generally make a nuisance of yourself. Only in this way will you be given the full measure of devotion your position warrants. By a group of realistic publicity men, I might add, who

hate the very sound of your voice.

Players and press agents alike have learned the feel of your wrath when you are beaten on a marriage or divorce or heartbreak. So the studios arrange trips to New York for you, have your car fixed when it goes wrong, and get out the red carpet whenever you approach. The fact that they write your stuff for you and build up your reputation for omniscience and terrific cleverness makes no difference. You're God. And both of you know it.

—LYNN JAMESON



"I like to drop in here and browse."

CREDO OF A MIDDLE-ROADER

BY WILL OURSLER

As a young man with a modicum of reason and a plentiful supply of ideals, I find it difficult to decide which is the greater danger — the reactionary right with its nostalgic yearning for yesterday, or the exuberant left with its romantic faith that we can make today leap into tomorrow at the mere snap of a bureaucrat's whip.

There are many millions like myself, who believe in the middle of the road. We do not wish to return to the past with its multiple benefits for the few upon whom fortune had smiled. We do not believe that management, when riding roughshod over labor and the public, is a proper functioning of free enterprise. But neither do we believe in any plan for Utopia. In a word, we are the unpredictable and uncontrollable middle. No politi-

cian can count our vote until it is cast, yet close elections depend on our decision. No group can be indifferent to our support or contemptuous of it, yet we refuse to follow any leader or movement blindly. For this attitude we are often denounced as irresponsible, as desiring to reap the rewards of all factions without participating in the struggles of any.

To all such charges we say a polite boo. For we are actually a party, "unpartified" though we may appear to be. We have a plan and a program, too, and we are willing to do battle for our beliefs. Moreover, these beliefs are real and solid, not vague will-o'-the-wisps. We believe, for example, in today. Yes, even in this today of war, with its necessary sacrifice and rationing of personal aims. And still more firmly do we believe in the today which will come with the unconditional surrender of our enemies. This today — this little acre of time deeded to us by life — is ours to use, develop and cherish.

The violence of revolution de-

This is the fifth in a series of articles summing up personal "credos" or life-views. Previous contributions were the credo of a Liberal by Oswald Garrison Villard; of a Conservative by George Barton Cutten; of a Socialist by Norman Thomas; and of a Reactionary by Francis Stuart Campbell. Mr. Oursler has been writing stories and articles for the magazines for years. He is the author of two full-length mysteries, *The Trial of Vincent Doon* and *Folio on Florence White*. He has also made a study of propaganda, especially Axis propaganda.

stroys the decency and balance of any day in which it occurs. Hitler's Germany is an obvious example — the extreme of revolution and reform. Some of our leaders assert that Germany's revolution is merely the most evil aspect of a larger revolt, which, in various forms, has appeared in almost every nation on earth. If that is true, how can any of us live for today? Must we not turn all our efforts toward making tomorrow's world new and wonderful? This is the argument of many ultra-liberals, party-line communists and fascists. As a middle-roader, however, I prefer to place my trust in the slower certainty of transition, in trial and error, in taking one step at a time.

Suppose some reformer of the Middle Ages had attempted to bring abruptly to the English people, and to the nobility who ruled them, a system of justice comparable to that found in English courts today. The result would have been civil war, class pitted against class and, almost certainly, less justice than ever before. Today's English justice, the justice of the Common Law, did not come suddenly or spring full-armed from the pale and furrowed brow of some social philosopher. It was a development of centuries. Time, and the slow-moving tides of social

change, succeeded where the reformer, hell-bent for heaven, would have failed.

I bring up this question of justice because it was on the Supreme Court issue that America's middle-roaders gave President Roosevelt his most severe political defeat. In large measure most of us have supported, and still support, Roosevelt's social program. We believe in work relief for the unemployed, in labor's right to organize, to bargain and to strike. We believe in social security for old age and against unemployment. These and many other New Deal reforms were not in any sense revolutionary. They were long over-due safeguards, needed in our complex twentieth century society.

But the Supreme Court bill was different. It trifled with tomorrow. Irked by the cautious pace of our highest tribunal, the President wished to hurry things along, to get himself a new court quickly. It was here that the middle-roaders cried "Stop!" It was their weight, thrown against the bill, which defeated it.

Every notion and plan put forward by the government undergoes our examination, not in the fires of bigoted hatred or blind adoration, but in the cool light of reason. And the New Dealers, even

the most militant reformers among them, know our strength. I believe it is this strength that has held them in check when they might have been tempted to go too far, that has guaranteed our country, after ten years of Roosevelt, the best functioning democracy in the world. Blunt opposition of the right did not alter the course of the New Dealers; idolizing support of the left surely did not hold them back. It was the middle, supporting Roosevelt when he seemed right and opposing him when he seemed wrong, which kept the ship of state from keeling over.

II

This brings me to the second ingredient of my faith — the faith that in our free land men of all credos, hidebound conservatives and liberals alike, have their part to play on the public stage. We should rejoice in our theorists and our starry-eyed idealists; such men are the very germ-plasm of our nation. It was Sam Adams, Patrick Henry and Tom Paine — inveterate visionaries all — who beat the drums of independence at a time when American democracy was only a dream in their hearts.

But just so we should rejoice also in our sombre-eyed realists. For

when the American Revolution was won, the job had reached a critical stage in which not only vision but, above all, practical wisdom was essential. Here it was not idealists but conservative realists — Washington, Franklin, John Adams and the others — who set up the practical machinery of the dream.

In his appointments, notably in the domestic field, Mr. Roosevelt has often failed to honor this principle of diversity. Too many utopians have been appointed to positions calling for hard, practical sense. Too many one-sided minds have handed out two-faced justice. Too many dollars have been wasted by officials who lacked practical training in handling pennies. Because of this, many projects were mismanaged or operated at cross-purposes with other projects. The administration of New Deal reforms, rather than the reforms themselves, has undoubtedly been the blackest mark against the Roosevelt program.

This is not to say that we do not want visionaries in our government. But vision should not be one-sided, or one-eyed like a Cyclops. The visionary should be utilized for his creative imagination — and the practical man for his practicality. That would be the

logical, middle-of-the-road view. But sensible as it may seem, neither conservatives nor liberals appear ready to put it into practice.

It is against illogical, emotional opposition, whatever camp it comes from, that middle-rovers must do battle. Democracy, we firmly believe, reaches its ultimate height when men of differing views work together for a common good. We do not favor throwing our dreamers out of the window, or our realists into the junk pile. In the greatest experiment in history — human freedom — every type of citizen is needed. We middle-rovers, you see, do not regard democracy and freedom as mere words to be juggled by political and social sloganers. We mean them.

In practical effect, what would our balanced approach mean in American public affairs?

It would mean, first of all, that loyalty to any organized party or special interest would no longer be the test of a man's worth. A candidate for office could indulge in the intellectual honesty of publicly disagreeing with his party on points that seemed to him wrong without endangering his chances of election. It would mean that, when elected, his appointment and decisions would be based on public necessity, not on party strategy.

In the interest of government by the people, middle-rovers cheered when Roosevelt appointed Stimson and Knox, deep-hued Republicans, to his cabinet. Many of us were distressed to read newspaper reports that the Republicans had "read those two gentlemen out of the party." Four years before, Mr. Knox had been Republican candidate for Vice-President, and Mr. Stimson had served under Herbert Hoover as Secretary of State. Nevertheless, because they had agreed to serve their country under a Democrat, they were summarily tossed out of their party by some political commentators and virtually condemned as traitors by others.

It should be the usual thing, not the exception, for men to appoint political opponents to high office. I wish the Roosevelt administration would do more of it. As a middle-roader I wish those states with Republican administrations would do more of it. Of course, this conception violates all the rules of "practical politics." Yet increasingly in recent years, as the "unbuyable middle" grows stronger, the trend has been away from the practical politician with his street-corner clubs and his papier-maché patriotism. The ranks of the independent center are growing, and

perhaps it is not too much to hope that we are progressing toward a more representative democracy.

True representation, however, must include every major group in our land. Here, then, is the third and last ingredient of my faith — that all classes, races and creeds are equally important in our democratic world. Neither labor nor capital should be destroyed; both should be geared for maximum effort for the benefit of all. No class should be economic master of any other class. No racial or religious group should be barred from participation in political, economic, or social life — and none should dominate.

The stupidity of internecine struggle is apparent in the open conflict between capital and labor. "Where would your worker be without capital?" blusters the reactionary. "Take away money, and labor would simply be out of a job." And labor spokesmen too often echo the same absurdity: "Take away the workers, and management would have nothing to manage, money would have nothing to buy." Both arguments are as irrational and futile as the old wheeze about which came first, the chicken or the egg. They both overlook the truth that society is a complicated mosaic, where

different stones and colors have their appointed place in the great design.

The ancient Greeks had a phrase for it: a sound mind in a sound body. To the middle-of-the-road type of thinking this seems to apply to the body politic. We cannot understand the radicals who denounce the sound mind, the brains of society, as a capitalistic monster; nor the reactionaries who think that the brain alone matters, ignoring the arms and legs and muscles which are doing the work. For head to distrust limbs, for limbs to revolt against the head, seems to us suicidal madness, no matter how plausibly the extremists phrase the matter. The principle of co-operation in a richly diversified society, rather than the principles of class warfare and group strife, offers the only way to a decent and civilized solution of problems, the middle-roaders insist.

III

Thus, in conclusion, my credo has three aspects. I want to live for today; I want a government run by the most able minds and the best hearts; and I want that government to aim at the betterment of the entire American people, rather than any specific group, no

matter how numerous it may be.

This, I concede, has in it nothing "brilliant," nothing startling. It offers no revolutions or revivals or patent solutions of societal ills. What makes it remarkable as a credo, however, is that millions of Americans believe it, whether they are conscious of the belief or not. They are the instinctive middle-of-the-roads who do *not* wish a plague on both your houses. They are firmly rooted in common sense, in the eternal average, and rightly distrustful of promises of perfection or threats of doom. They feel themselves attuned to the psychological rhythm of Abraham Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people, for the people." They know that Lincoln meant of *all* the people, by *all* the people, for *all* the people.

And I am with them, one of

them, in the middle ground. I am not ashamed to confess in the presence of any lofty intellectual that I actually believe in the truisms of our national faith, as stated in the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights and the expressions of practical optimism by leaders of our expanding democracy through the generations.

It is for progress down the middle of the road of decency and fair play that my kind of Americans fight. We stand unintimidated by slogans from right or left, rather proud of our uprightness and our uncomplicated minds. Nobody owns us, not even the high priests of some shiny social doctrines. Nobody can buy us, with threats or with promises. We are aware of our power. We are the unofficial, unorganized, unchained and untamed watchdogs of American democracy.

Logic — Nazi Style:

Hitler is lonely. So is God. Hitler is like God.

— REICHMINISTER HANS FRANK



"CURES" FOR THE COMMON COLD

BY HAROLD S. DIEHL, M.D.

DESPITE general skepticism about cures for the common cold, millions of dollars' worth of commercial remedies are still sold in this country every year. Old-fashioned cures like asafetida and camphor are no longer in vogue, but in their place has come a whole new arsenal of popular remedies — vitamins, vaccines, nasal medications and other drugs. Yet careful investigation shows that many of the most widely advertised remedies now on the market are utterly worthless. Some of them, in fact, may be definitely harmful.

In an effort to discover an effective cold remedy, a series of investigations was begun ten years ago at the University of Minnesota. The studies grew out of a chance observation which had led me to believe that morphine might be of value in relieving acute head colds. Extensive tests corroborated this observation; but morphine, be-

cause of its toxicity and the danger of habituation to it, was obviously unsuited for general use. The scope of the investigation was consequently broadened in the hope of finding a remedy that would be equally effective but less harmful. In this way, many of the most widely used cold preparations came under close study.

The investigations were carried out by the Students' Health Service of the University. Each study was specifically planned to avoid prejudice for or against any particular medication. Physicians wrote prescriptions merely for "cold medication." The pharmacist filling them used in sequence the medications being studied at the time. Neither physician nor patient knew what medication had been given. After forty-eight hours of treatment, the patients reported the results on cards prepared for this purpose. Upon the basis of these re-

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ports the effectiveness of the medication in each case was estimated. Finally, the pharmacist's record was obtained and the results tabulated according to the various medications used.

In each of these studies some of the tablets and capsules given out contained only milk sugar. These were included so that we might know what proportion of patients would recover without treatment in the forty-eight-hour period for which results were reported. In other words, the group who received sugar tablets, thinking that they contained medication, served as a "control group" for the rest of the study.

The importance of having this control was clearly shown in the very first investigations. Approximately 35 per cent of the students who got the sugar tablets reported "definite improvement" or "complete cure" of their colds within forty-eight hours. Some of them experienced such prompt and remarkable improvement, in fact, that they went out of their way to praise the tablets as the most effective treatments they had ever taken. Apart from the humor of the situation, this control group showed that approximately 35 per cent of patients would have recovered quickly regardless of any

medication. For the purposes of our studies, therefore, we put down as of little or no value all cold medications from which less than 50 per cent of our subjects reported benefit.

Virtually all of the most commonly used medications proved, on this basis, to be almost valueless. This group of remedies included aspirin, calcium and iodine, halibut liver oil (which is vitamin A), amytal, ephedrine, atropine, an aspirin-phenacetin-caffeine compound (which is sold under various names) and soda.

Although aspirin ranks at the top of this group, the results from it are very little better than from the sugar tablets. This is true regardless of the brand of aspirin used, "genuine" or otherwise.

Even less valuable were the results obtained from soda, another widely recommended cold remedy. Advertisers have emphasized the importance of "alkalization" in the treatment of colds. In this study we gave sufficient dosages of soda to produce much more alkalization than is possible from any of the commercial preparations sold in drug stores. Yet the results of this alkalization were exactly the same as those reported from the sugar tablets.

Perhaps the most commonly used

of all cold remedies are the preparations to be dropped or sprayed into the nose. In our studies we selected the most extensively advertised and widely sold brand of "nose drops."

It was transferred to unlabeled bottles, and then dispensed to the students with the directions given by the manufacturer. Only 31 per cent reported benefit from it, about the same as those who used sugar tablets.

Nasal preparations not only have little value, but may do harm by interfering with the body's natural defenses. Medical research has shown that the common cold is usually initiated by a virus or by bacteria which gain entry through the upper respiratory tract. A primary stage of infection follows, whose symptoms are stuffiness of the nose, sneezing, watery nasal discharge, dryness of the throat, occasionally mild headaches, and often mild general symptoms—but with no elevation of temperature and a usual duration of four to five days. This stage may be followed by secondary infections caused by other germs that happen to be present in the nose and throat. The secondary stage is accompanied by a thick, yellow discharge, and runs a typical subacute course of two or three weeks.

II

Nature has provided man with remarkable local defenses against these bacterial invaders. At the entrance to the nasal passages are tiny hairs, called vibrissae, which filter out the larger particles of foreign material in the air. Next in the defense system are numerous glands located throughout the membranes of the nose. These glands constantly produce a moist, slightly sticky secretion which covers the surfaces of the membranes with a mucous film. The film is in constant movement toward the pharynx, and is renewed approximately every ten minutes. It has been estimated that 75 per cent of the dust and germs present in the air are removed in this manner.

The mucous film also protects the delicate membranes of the nose from mechanical injury by particles of dust. It is extremely difficult for bacteria to find their way through this mucous covering as long as it remains intact. On the other hand, injury to this mucous coat and exposure of the underlying membranes opens a portal of entry for infection.

Last of nature's defenses are the cilia. These are microscopic, hair-like projections covering most of the mucous membranes in the nose.

They are in constant wave-like motion, much like fields of grain. They pick up cells and particles of foreign matter and carry these to the pharynx, from which they are discharged or swallowed.

Nasal preparations may be harmful precisely because they can destroy or interfere with this defense system. Drying and medicated oils first slow and eventually stop the action of the cilia. Their constant use may even destroy respiratory epithelium. More important, nasal sprays or oils, though they may give temporary relief of congestion and stuffiness, frequently produce a distinct irritation of the nasal mucous membranes, in this way facilitating the path of secondary bacterial infection.

Finally, there is always the danger of a specific type of pneumonia that may result from the inhalation of oily substances into the lungs. For all of these reasons, nose and throat specialists warn against the introduction of medicinal preparations into the nose. It should be done only when definitely indicated and recommended by a physician for the treatment of some specific condition.

Equally useless are the mouth washes, gargles and antiseptics urged by advertisers upon the public. These preparations may destroy

germs in test tubes if given sufficient time. But none of them acts instantaneously, nor are they effective in the weak solutions which can be tolerated by the membranes of the nose and throat. Furthermore, only a very small proportion of the membranes of the nose and throat can possibly be reached by sprays and gargles.

Several other more or less universal home remedies proved valueless in our studies. Cathartics of various kinds, for example, have long figured in home treatment of colds, and are included in many of the advertised remedies. Actually, two recent studies both show that cathartics are of no value in colds, and that patients who take them lose more time from work than those who do not.

Another popular belief stresses the value of large quantities of liquids, in the form of water, lemonade, orange juice and other drinks. The purpose of the liquids is to increase excretion. Presumably, this aids in the elimination of the supposedly toxic products produced by the infection. This sounds plausible, but unfortunately there is no evidence that it actually occurs.

Alcohol, in the form of whiskey, brandy and "hot toddies," is still another popular remedy of dubious

value. Fear of increasing that popularity prevented us from using it in our series of studies. Scientifically, there may be some basis, or perhaps excuse, for the use of alcohol in colds. It causes an increase in the blood flow to the skin, with a resultant feeling of warmth if one is wet and chilled. On the other hand, alcohol itself causes nasal congestion in some people; and many reliable studies have shown that its continuous or excessive use lowers resistance to pneumonia, the most serious complication of colds.

III

Considerable effort has been made in recent years to discover possible measures for the *prevention* of colds. Two types of treatment have received particular notice. One of them is the use of dietary measures, including the taking of vitamins. The other employs the various kinds of cold vaccines.

A complete, adequate and balanced diet is necessary for the maintenance of health. But beyond this general truth, no special diet has value for either the prevention or the cure of colds. The same is true of vitamins, which have been particularly exploited as a preventive method. Studies have shown that both animals and man have a de-

creased resistance to infections of various kinds when suffering from vitamin deficiencies; and apparently this may be true for each of the better known vitamins. But it has not been shown that use of particular vitamins has any value for the prevention of colds. Although cod-liver oil, which contains vitamins A and D, has been reported by a number of authors to reduce the severity and the frequency of colds, most of these reports are based upon inadequately controlled studies.

To determine the value of cold vaccines, studies were made over a period of several years. These vaccines — not “cold serums” as they are commonly called — contain various mixtures of the bacteria most commonly found in the nose and throat of persons infected with colds. Our studies included two bacterial vaccines. One was administered hypodermically and the other by mouth.

Here again, we took special precautions to ensure maximum reliability. The students who volunteered for the study were assigned alternately and without selection to control groups and experimental groups. The control group received blanks instead of vaccines; but all students thought they were receiving vaccine, and so had the same

attitude toward the study. Each student reported to the Health Service whenever a cold developed, and kept a record of each cold of more than twenty-four hours' duration. But even the physicians who saw these patients did not know which group they represented. The number and severity of colds experienced by these students were then tabulated according to the group — control or vaccine — to which they belonged.

First, here are the results obtained from injected bacterial vaccine, or "cold shots" — the oldest and most widely used vaccine. The students vaccinated with it reported that during the previous year they had averaged 4.7 colds per person. During the year that they were taking the vaccine they averaged only 2.1 colds per person. This is a reduction of 55 per cent — apparently an excellent result. In fact, this reduction was the same as has been reported in other studies, indicating that these vaccines are of value.

Unfortunately, this report was completely neutralized by the control students who reported an average of 4.9 colds during the previous year. During the year of the study, they had only 1.9 colds, a reduction of 61 per cent. In other words, the control

group, which got nothing of any possible value for the prevention of colds, reported just as good results as did the group which got the vaccine. It is thus easy to see how enthusiastic recommendations may be made in good faith for particular cold remedies, and still be entirely without scientific justification.

Our results with the oral vaccine were astonishingly similar. This oral vaccine consists essentially of the same organisms contained in the vaccines for subcutaneous use. They are killed by heat and administered in capsules or tablets. In our study, the students of the experimental group received capsules containing vaccine. The control group received capsules filled only with sugar.

The reports from the vaccinated group showed a reduction of approximately 70 per cent in the average number of colds per person in the year of the study. This looked like an excellent result, and was again approximately the same reduction as had been reported by other investigators. But the control group, as in the previous study, also reported the same reduction in the average number of colds. Moreover, during the year of the study the vaccinated group had an average of 2.1 colds per person, which was virtually the same as the 2.0

average reported by the control group. To make the parallel even more striking, the average number of days lost per person from school work was exactly the same for the two groups!

IV

Is there any remedy, then, of value in the treatment of colds?

There is no measure that is uniformly effective for the prevention of the common cold. Our studies, however, did reveal one group of medications which seemed to have distinct benefit. I have already stated that morphine, which is a derivative of opium, showed excellent results but was discarded because of its dangers. But several other derivatives of opium, which are less toxic and carry no practical danger of habituation, proved to be definitely valuable. In our first studies, codeine and papaverine both gave evidence of value in the treatment of acute colds. Neither was so effective as morphine, however, and since both are quite different chemically it was decided to try them in combination.

The codeine-papaverine mixture proved to be, after morphine, the most valuable of all cold medications. A preparation consisting of one-quarter grain of codeine and

one-quarter grain of papaverine was finally selected as the most effective dosage. Of 1,500 students who were given this preparation for the treatment of acute head colds, 72 per cent reported definite improvement or complete relief within twenty-four to forty-eight hours. The chief beneficial effect was a marked decrease or complete disappearance of nasal congestion and discharge. With the relief of these symptoms, in many cases, the progress of the cold seemed to be arrested and the secondary stage of protracted nasal discharge avoided.

While taking this medication, most of the students were up and about, attending classes. Had they remained in bed while using it, it is probable that even better results might have been obtained. The earlier in the course of the cold that this preparation is used, the larger the proportion of good results. This preparation, commonly called Copavin, is not advertised to the public. But it is available through physicians, who should decide when and in what dosage it should be used.

Since these studies were made, confirmatory reports have been published by several other investigators. Dr. Russell Cecil of New York, and Dr. Fritz Hutter of Vienna, both found that the code-

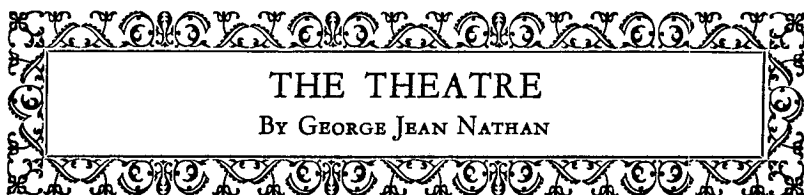
ine-papaverine mixture was particularly beneficial if used by their patients at the very beginning of the infection. In this connection, too, it is of interest to recall the statement that opium users rarely have colds. De Quincey, in his *Confessions*, wrote that during the years in which he had taken opium he "never once caught cold, as the phrase is, nor even the slightest cough. But after discontinuing the use of opium, a violent cold attacked me, and a cough soon after." In similar vein writes Cocteau, in his *Diary of an Addict*. "Opium," he says, "is a season. The smoker no longer suffers from changes in the weather. He never catches cold."

Less effective, but still of moderate value, were several other opium derivatives. In addition to codeine alone and papaverine alone, it was found that powdered opium and the old-fashioned Dover's powder (a combination of powdered opium and powdered ipecac) were beneficial. Quinine also came to be included in this group of moderately valuable medications. The proportion of individuals who reported "complete relief" or "definite improvement" after the use of these preparations ranged from 57 per cent for powdered opium down to 50 per cent for quinine.

Finally, certain general hygienic

measures are helpful in the treatment of colds. Going to bed and remaining there until recovery is good advice. The value of bed rest lies in protecting others from exposure, in increasing general resistance, and in keeping the body warm. Bed rest during the acute stages of colds, supplemented by such other treatment as is indicated, would diminish their severity, limit their spread and reduce the frequency of complications.

Hot baths for the treatment of colds may consist of hot water, hot air or steam. The effect of these baths is to dilate the blood vessels of the skin and to increase blood flow through them. As a result, nasal congestion and stuffiness are reduced. Similar effects may be obtained with massage or other forms of physiotherapy, with hot or cold compresses, mustard plasters and certain medicated ointments. If such treatments are followed by rest in bed with sufficient covers to prevent cooling, the effect is prolonged and the possibility of their being of more than temporary benefit is increased. Exercise, frequently utilized by athletes to "sweat out" a cold, has a similar effect. But usually the symptoms return when the body gets chilled, and then the cold may become even more severe than before.



THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Belles of Another New York

WHILE biding the advent of something in the way of dramameriting extended critical attention, I address these columns to an element in our contemporary musical shows that for some time now has impressed itself upon the Athenians amongst us. I refer, obviously, to the girls. And what is there about the girls that has brought the aforesaid purists to ponder? It is this: that for all the splendor of the shows in other directions they are in the overwhelming main devoid of the kind of young women who in the yesterdays lent to them that air of romance, that flavor of midnight champagne and that fillip to the imagination without which they aren't all they should be, save possibly in the appetite of a bourgeois box office.

I am not speaking of the ladies of the chorus, since every few years some show up who may compare favorably with ensemble belles of other days, although even in this direction considerable debate money might be won by anyone who ventured in rebuttal such memo-

rable congresses of ticklers as composed the choruses of old shows like *The Wild Rose*, *The Belle of New York*, *The Casino Girl*, *Havana* and, of course, the *Ziegfeld Follies*. If perchance some upstart squirt challengingly offers to lay his cash on the line, paternally counsel him to recall, for instance, the names of some of the girls who figured in the chorus of the first-mentioned feast, generally agreed by historians to be the all-time high in the field of American beauty. The names: Lotta Faust, embalmed for posterity in the Malcolm Strauss portraits; Evelyn Nesbit, whose youthful loveliness is still preserved in the celebrated Sarony photograph showing her curled up on a white bearskin rug; little Marguerite Clark, destined for future stage and screen acclaim, with eyes like wondering chestnuts and hair like a shower of Coca-Cola; and Elsie Ferguson, who was to become a dramatic star, looking for all the world like a kid Clare Boothe Luce, minus politics.

More: Marie George, who made the college boys of the period sigh

so loudly that football cheer leaders thought for a time of substituting the sighs for the college yells; Edna Hunter, with the surprised look of always just having had her feelings pleasantly hurt; Nina Randall and Viola Carlsted, who had the beaux of the town, including Stanford White, Jimmy Breese and Freddie Gebhard, dispatching them roses and caviar in beer-wagon loads; and Irene Bishop, with eyes like sunshine after rain and a figure like a cobra about to strike. And more still: Teddie Du Coe who, if Ziegfeld had then been around, would have had the future master screaming for joy; Belva Don Kersley, one of whose cigarette pictures was worth six Pauline Halls and all of fourteen Pattis on the swap bourse; Neva Aymer, with a face like a Corot twilight and such a shape as caused Jim Huneker, Vance Thompson, Percy Pollard and even Henry Krehbiel to form a quartet on the spot and rattle the glasses behind Luchow's bar with renditions of *Ave Neval*; and tantalizing Hazel Manchester, to whom four members of Teddy Roosevelt's cabinet sent hopefully autographed photographs, unsolicited.

And that, though tops, was still a chorus line not alone. Among others, let the aforesaid upstart be apprised, were lines offering such

rapturous souvenirs as those that composed the "Hello, People, Hello" squad in the later *Havana*, including Erminie Clarke of the peculiarly impressive drooped shoulders; Dorothy Sayce, with the soft smile of a Partenkirchen awakening to a Spring morning, whom the gallants of the town were even willing to ferry back to her Hoboken fireside in return for a mere mutual midnight glass at the marble bar of the Beaux Arts; and half a dozen other such visions. And as those in the earlier *The Casino Girl*, *A Dangerous Maid*, *The Princess Chic*, *San Toy*, *The Geisha*, *The Telephone Girl*, *In Gay New York* and *The Whirl of the Town*. Let comparison be as odious as is its wont, yet where among the current crop of sabbatical Powers models and the like, even those from Texas, will you find the equivalents of, for example, Vashti Earle, probably the most beautiful girl ever to adorn an American chorus; or Kathleen Clifford, who looked as if Tommy Lyman had sung her; or Geraldine Fair, of the mouth like a Clover Club cocktail; or Theresa Vaughn, with legs that only Archie Gunn could draw and a profile that only Penrhyn Stanlaws later could dream up? And where the present equals of other such poppers as golden Pauline

Chase, later to become London's pet Peter Pan; or Gladys Wallis, who looked like all the theoretical wonderful little girls who lived next door in boyhood; or Veronica Stafford, who moved like the fingers of de Pachmann over Chopin; or Clara Selton, Ethel Elverton, Daisy Lucas, Minnie Ashley, Ruby Reid and all that fragrant and memorable bouquet?

It is perfectly true that not all the girls of those days were like these; very far from it. A liberal measure of them, despite the auld-lang-syners, were substantial clock-stoppers. The much touted original *Florodora* sextette, for just one example, offered only one girl out of the whole six with anything in the way of looks above the modest average. But nevertheless, best for best, the girls you get today are with small exception relative selling-platers. The discovery of even one in the line whom you can look at with a feeling worthy of Michelangelo or Sherman Billingsley is a rarity.

II

Since, however, it is the principals, not the chorus maidens, who are supposed to occupy our thesis attention, let us to the main business. It is not, be reminded, that it is

talent of which we speak but, solely and sheerly, looks. And what do we find? What we find is all kinds of talent but, when it comes to those looks, little or nothing. Consider in this regard some of the principals in the musical shows of the last few years, along with some of those scheduled for the coming season, and compare them with various women of the past:

Ethel Merman, in *Something For The Boys*, an otherwise admirable performer whom even her most enthusiastic admirers wouldn't think of comparing with Irene Bentley (who that ever saw her can forget that face which looked as if the angels had cooked it up out of apricots and honey and Leslie Stuart?), or with Paula Edwardes, whose long brown hair shadowing musing eyes gave her the appearance of a gentle Autumn evening, or with Mabelle Gilman, the gayer type of horticulture whose amused smile took her attraction lightly in its stride.

Muriel Angelus, in *Early To Bed* and, on the other hand, dark, lovely May De Sousa; or Virginia Earle of the hair like a rippling sunlit stream and the carriage of one who had suppered on sleigh-bells; or Helen Hale, the Jenny Wren of *Woodland*, who for all of Wellesley still suggested a bright

amber Chinese lantern blown by the evening winds.

Mary Martin in the scheduled new Cheryl Crawford show and, in other days and not so far back, Jessie Matthews (the toast of New York and Long Island when Charlie Cochran first bequeathed her to America), or Marilyn Miller (no footnote necessary), or Kathleen Martyn, whose English loveliness floored even Ziegfeld's surfeited connoisseurs.

Joan Roberts in *Oklahoma!* and such tours de force as Edna May, whose "Follow Me" in *The Belle of New York* was sheer redundancy, or that other Edna, the cute Wallace, whose saucy dazzle is still vividly remembered by men who can't for the life of them recall who played the lead in even last season's *Count Me In* and *Once Over Lightly*, or Sandol Milliken, above all Sandol Milliken, who always suggested a Cinderella democratically turning her coach back into a pumpkin and who seemed to have been born in the window of wedding-cake shop.

Marta Eggerth, though delightful, in the latest revival of *The Merry Widow*, Rosemary Lane in *Best Foot Forward*, Marie Nash in *Viva O'Brien*, Mary Jane Walsh in *Let's Face It*, Helen Gleason in *Night of Love*, Mitzi Green in this

and that — and then yesterday's Helen Redmond (recall *The Red Feather?*), and Camille D'Arville (a Lillian Russell from Holland), and that dancing combination of willow and Moselle named Frances Pritchard, and surely, surely, the matchless, peerless Marie Doro of *The Circus Girl*, *The Billionaire* and *The Girl From Kay's*, and Adele Astaire, who could laugh beauty into a face that was not particularly beautiful and dance beauty into a figure that was.

And any of the other present-day musical show principals you happen to think of — compare them, if you will, with Pauline Frederick, one of the legendary lilies of the American theatre, and Phyllis Rankin, who vied with Edna May for honors when, in *The Belle of New York*, she set the last hold-out's heart a-flutter with "When We Are Married," and Edna Goodrich (often wrongly nominated as having started in the original *Florodora* sextette; she was in one of the subsequent sextettes and outlooked the girls in the original by some ten thousand points), and the so pretty Julia Sanderson. And, if you need a couple of additional irresistible statistics, Violet McMillen, the blonde flowerlet whose looks alone guaranteed the original Chicago run of 465 performances for

the same *The Time, The Place and The Girl* that last year, with Irene Hilda in the rôle, ran for only a few nights in New York; and Christie MacDonald, who resembled a pint of champagne in a Delft vase.

III

But all, nevertheless, is not lost, which sentence, I hope, will reassure skeptics who may by now conceivably have dismissed the present chronicler as an old fogey. In the immortal words of Dr. Munyon and Emanuel Swedenborg: there is hope! For in the musical shows' greenhouses there are some fair blossoms that, as yet awaiting their full day in court, may at least in a measure help to balance the scales. Marcy Wescott, for example, who disappeared after *Too Many Girls* but who is promised us again this season, may push plump, blonde, little Della Fox, that favorite pin-up girl of the De Wolf Hopper era, completely out of memory with her slender, blonde, mischievous appeal. Nanette Fabray, who succeeded Constance Moore in *By Jupiter* late last season and is scheduled soon to appear in another show, with her dark, shining beauty and figure like a warm Katharine Hepburn may exile from senti-

mental recollection not only the dark delight of Eva Fallon that illuminated Herald Square in the early 1900's but also to a degree the dark delight of Gertrude Bryan that shone on Times Square some years later.

Lotus Robb, who adorned the stage all too briefly fifteen or so years ago, isn't easy to forget when the wine is waltzing, nor is Mollie King, who all in soft pink danced her fairness into men's reveries at about the same time. But the Roche girls, Mary and Kathleen, who showed up in a minor Gilbert and Sullivan troupe two seasons ago (what has become of them since?), have looks enough to satisfy anyone for, anyway, a couple of hours; and Evelyn Wyckoff, who was sacrificed to the overnight failure, *The Lady Comes Across*, has enough for a couple of hours extra. Louise Brown, whose gentle bloom warmed the musical stage eighteen years ago; Constance Carpenter, who ornamented the original production of *A Connecticut Yankee*; and Irene Delroy, who brought to the old *Greenwich Village Follies* their single touch of feminine radiance; they ornament memorabilia still. But Susan Miller, who came to view last season in *Beat the Band*, isn't half-bad; Lucille Norman, who was introduced to us last year

in *Show Time*, isn't half-bad either; and Jeni Le Gon, the dusky nose-gay in this season's *Early To Bed*, while maybe no Evelyn Laye or even Jacqueline Hunter, is a spangle hardly to be sniffed at.

Check List

The Two Mrs. Carrolls, by Martin Vale. — What is known on Broadway as "psychological" murder drama, in other words, submelodrama with the actors (Elisabeth Bergner among them) making worried faces, walking about the stage hesitantly, and periodically reading their lines with awesome pauses. Claptrap.

The Merry Widow, by Franz Lehar, *et al.* — A much better than usual re-

vival, with Marta Eggerth (charming) and Jan Kiepura (less so) as Sonia and Danilo. The book has been revised, in a manner of speaking.

Early To Bed, by George Marion, Jr., and "Fats" Waller. — A handsomely staged version of the dull old one about the sporting house mistaken for a girls' boarding school, with Waller's music hardly mistaken for the Kern or Rodgers school.

Run, Little Chillun, by Hal Johnson. — Revival of the engaging darky song play. There will be a flood of the black boys and girls this season, which is all right with this department.

Murder Without Crime, by J. Lee Thompson. — Mediocre jitterer imported from London, where it was known as *To Fit the Crime*.



THE WIND AND I

BY KAYE STARBIRD

EVEN the wind grows older. There were hours
 When we were young together on the hill.
 We chased the wild black bees among the flowers
 And skipped like stones across the river's still
 Tranquillity. When early stars were hung
 Low in the clouds, we were content to lie
 Undreaming in the grasses, being young.
 But we have changed since then, the wind and I,
 And known our separate happiness and tears.
 We lost each other somewhere by the way
 When love came by and claimed me for the years.
 — I saw the wind in town the other day,
 But when I called to her, thinking we'd meet,
 She passed me like a stranger in the street.

DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

The Adventure of Nature

THERE may sometimes seem, to those unfamiliar with the matter, something a little pointless and unprofitable in the way a naturalist keeps prowling the same small woods day after day, haunting the same parochial fields and streams,

reinvestigating with apparently unabating eagerness the same little local fragment of outdoors. To be sure, his explorations are doubtless refreshing. It is always restorative to a man to be in touch with the earth; it may even be, for some



Skunk

Frank Utpatel

men, a kind of urgent necessity, as it is said to have been for Antaeus. But a naturalist acts as though he were expecting to find something *new*: as though he were anticipating a possibility of seeing something no one else had ever seen before, a possibility of actually increasing or altering human knowledge. And surely, in this year 1943, when the shelves of the libraries groan with their gathered rows of huge and competent mammalogies and ornithologies and botanies and entomologies, there exists no such possibility. An explorer wandering to the far Arctic or the remote jungle, yes — such a one might possibly find something to require supplementing or revision of the immense body of established lore. But surely no such chance is open to the nature-watching countryman who never stirs beyond his own stone pasture-fences.

Well, it may seem that way; but it is quite otherwise. The fact, of which a naturalist early comes to be keenly aware, at first perhaps with a sense of disappointment but presently with a kindling of excitement, is that our knowledge of the world of nature, even homely and local nature, however many and imposing upon the bookshelves may be the great tomes that hold it, is a very tiny affair. The com-

monest thing in the everyday outdoors — an ant, a deer-fly, a tadpole, a cabbage-worm under a leaf — contains depths of mystery and meaning: riddle within riddle within riddle, like a nest of Chinese puzzle-boxes. We have had only a very little time, a mere handful of centuries, for making our inquiry. Because of the limitation of our time and strength, we have achieved a knowledge, even of the commonest things, that is only partial. And because of the further limitation put upon us by our human fallibility, even this partial knowledge contains in many cases perpetuations of old errors, never reinvestigated and revised. A birch copse on a New England hillside contains quite probably a thousand facts that have never yet been chronicled; and the serried textbooks that do chronicle the natural history of such a place contain, at a guess, some half a dozen statements that are wrong: statements which were mistakenly put down years ago in a textbook, and have subsequently been copied from textbook to textbook to textbook, which is the way in which a surprisingly large number of reference works are written.

The established texts of natural history are a tremendous monument. Further, no naturalist can

do without them. He cannot follow the migrant catbirds, when they leave his summer blackberry thicket, to see where they winter. He must look it up. He cannot measure the moon; he must look to the library to see what an astronomer says. He has not time to study every protozoon in the brook or every weed in the meadow or the whole of the life of every mammal even on an acre. A great deal of the information which he must incorporate into his own body of knowledge, if he would reach a decent spaciousness of education, he must take on faith from earlier authority. But he has not been a naturalist for very long before he finds, on the basis of some personal observation, that a textbook has deceived him. He has not long gone wandering and wondering in the woods before he discovers that the answers to a great many of the simplest everyday questions are not to be found in any of the books at all. He has not been a hawk-watcher and a moss-gatherer and a dace-netter for many seasons before he finds that the phenomena of earth are more flexible and variant and unpredictable than is allowed for in the sets of statistics which are sometimes transferred from textbook to textbook as piously and unchangingly as copied Scripture.

It is borne in upon him that nature is still largely nature the unknown; and that, by using honestly and sharply his own eyes, he can find new things under the sun. Where nature is not the unknown, it may be the mis-known. It lies open to him, in a score of fields, to correct old errors. He will always need to turn to the textbooks for many things, and to take on faith what they tell him. But though he must perforce thus incorporate into his body of belief many things which he cannot check, he will be ever aware that he may find at any moment — under a stone, in the top of a fir-tree, in the next cow-pasture — the visible proof that he has been sponsoring a mistake.

The textbooks are all very well. But they tell only a little of the truth, and sometimes they tell it wrong. One kind of truth only, a naturalist comes to realize, cannot ever be gainsaid. That is the truth of things seen first-hand, sounds personally heard, emotions experienced by oneself, nature touched and watched and sensed and smelled without a mediator. And so a naturalist may revisit, day after day, the same small woods. He may look for thirty years at crows, and his eye be always eager. The stretching rows of natural histories on the

shelves have the majestic look of a record that is finished and perfect. But what we know of nature, even in our back yards, is not finished; it is scarcely begun. It is not perfect; it embodies errors of commission and omission and uncritical copying. There are a hundred riddles in a ten-acre woodlot. There are vast gaps in what is known even about a beaver. It was but a matter of months ago that a naturalist found out — what nobody had ever known, or known correctly, before — how a bat avoids obstacles in the dark. The common woods, the familiar fields, call and recall to a naturalist to come and examine them for himself. Perpetually they attract and excite him. For he goes to them, in spirit and in fact, as one going to the verge of a frontier.

II

How long is a muskrat's hind foot? It says here, in this fat and recent volume of mammalogy, that the length is 3.2 inches. A most precise measurement, surely. Oddly enough, the identical figure is given also in this other mammalogy published ten years ago, and in this other one published twenty-three years ago, and in this fourth one which dates from the nineteenth century. On the barn door of a

neighbor who is a trapper, over yonder across the mountain, there are nailed more than a hundred muskrat feet. Apply a ruler to them, and it grows apparent that the arid little statistic, 3.2, is a statistic only. The books do not obtain it from nature. They obtain it from each other.

Here now, in this recent volume of herpetology, it is stated that a rattlesnake cannot be poisoned by its own bite. Who shall doubt it? It has been averred in countless authoritative volumes, and for many years. But a while ago a naturalist got around to checking up for himself this established datum, in the way in which naturalists like, whenever and wherever they can, to be first-hand observers. (As said earlier, a naturalist must perforce take much on faith from the texts; with ill-luck, he may even find that he has thus sponsored an old error. But ideally, though impossibly, he would like not to mention in his own books even the stars, without having checked them to see whether they are where they are said to be. He would wish not even to believe in the poisonousness of the deadly mushroom, *Amanita muscaria*, excepting he had eaten one.) Well, a number of rattlesnakes were made to bite themselves. They died of the venom.

It is exciting to invalidate an old supposed truth; it is stimulating to disclose the copyism in statistics. But it is the faults of omission, in the body of established lore, that chiefly excite a naturalist and make his every expedition, even into the same hay-meadow and the same woods day after day, a great adventure. Few but naturalists realize how enormous is nature's area of the unknown. A common hairy woodpecker, now: how does it spend its winter nights? Does it always take shelter in a hole, as a downy woodpecker does, or does it often sleep clinging to a tree-trunk, and what is the relative frequency of the performances? It remains to be learned. What about the domestic life of water shrews? The little beasts are not extremely rare; but they are nocturnal and aquatic and elusive, and there remain to be discovered a hundred of their secrets. How about the copulation of porcupines? . . . an odd and whimsical subject, its data thus far eked out largely with the help of folk-myth. The vocabulary of crows: has anybody really made a systematic study of it? To what extent, precisely, are wild creatures sensitive to barometric change, and thus weather prophets? There is

the matter of the animal mind. The old compartments of Instinct and Intelligence are not serviceable. The mystery of wild wisdom, of deep-knowing, of the intuitions and insights that lie between automatic instinct and analytical thought . . . this realm needs lifetimes of first-hand observation.

Those are some of the reasons why a naturalist goes into the outdoors, day after day, with unflagging eagerness. To be sure, he would probably go anyway; for he is only partly an inquirer, and partly a man daft with the love of the earth; and in the sunlit and the wooded places he finds his peace and his happiness and possibly his God. But it adds stimulation to know, when he goes forth, that he goes not only as a pilgrim, but also, potentially, as a pioneer. Turn a stone, and he may overthrow forty volumes of assertion. Peer into a tangle of bindweed, and he may see something no other human eye has seen. He may be able—who knows?—to gather comprehensive information on the nesting-ways of parula warblers in areas where their regular nesting-moss does not grow. If he does, he will know what none has ever known before.



THE LIBRARY

Utopians, Left and Right

BY PHILIP RAHV

HAROLD J. LASKI, author of many political works and a member of the Executive Committee of the British Labor Party, is one of England's most famous leftists. In this country the liberals adore him, while the radicals are at a loss what to make of him. In conservative circles he is regarded as a "dangerous influence" — which is an attitude not surprising as such, though typical of an essentially defensive state of mind. It so happens that Laski's bark is worse than his bite; and if it were not for their morbid fear of social change — now inevitable in any case, no matter who is put in charge of post-war affairs — our conservatives would know how to rate correctly a man of Laski's background and position. In England such matters are understood almost instinctively, whereas over here conservative opinion is still so politically immature as to be unable to grasp the all-important distinction between the phrase and the act.

In *Reflections on the Revolution*

of our Time¹ Laski writes with vigor and precision so long as he confines himself to expounding the faults of the present social structure. But the moment he puts forward his proposals for the future, the argument peters out in idealistic abstractions. For on the one hand Laski believes that if peace and democracy are to be maintained capitalism must be scrapped, and, on the other, that the course advocated by the more fiery socialists cannot but bring on a dictatorship by which *all* classes will be deprived of their basic liberties. What, then, is to be done? Here is where Laski introduces his pet idea of a "revolution by consent," which, if it means anything, can only mean that the propertied classes in Great Britain, and by implication in America, too, are somehow to be persuaded to relinquish *voluntarily* their functions and powers — that is to say, they are to be persuaded to commit economic and political suicide — so as

¹ \$3.50: Viking.

to make possible a truly "creative" victory over fascism, a victory calculated to put an end to wars, depressions, and social strife.

Now quite apart from the desirability of Laski's program, the progress of the war has already demonstrated its Utopian character. At present this program is patently unworkable, and, judging from historical experience, it is hard to conceive of any circumstances under which it could possibly be made to work. No society has ever been known to dissolve itself in response to ideological appeals; nor has any ruling group ever sacrificed itself for the good of generations to come.

Moreover, since Laski argues that his program can be realized only during the war, because later the "natural urge to return to our wonted routines" will get the better both of rich and poor, then all one can say is that his "revolution by consent" is already a lost cause. For it is clear that the Allies are well on their way to winning the war. And it is no less clear that the closer we approach the final stage of the conflict, the more conservative become the policies emanating from Washington and London. Witness the fact that only after Montgomery's victory in Egypt did Churchill permit himself to

hold up the preservation of the British Empire as a positive war-aim. And since Laski's colleagues in the Executive of the Labor Party have so far said nothing to the contrary, it is safe to assume that they agree with Churchill — which is a sufficient commentary on the political realism of Laski's proposals.

However, though as a program-maker Laski is given to wishful thinking, he sometimes manifests great lucidity when dealing with existing situations. Thus his analysis of fascism is closely reasoned and convincing. It provides a needed corrective to the wild theories circulated by writers like James Burnham, for example, in whose book, *The Managerial Revolution*, the régimes of Hitler and Mussolini were described as the political expression of a new-fangled class come to power and destined to triumph in all countries. Laski's conception of fascism may be less ambitious or "profound" on the theoretical plane, but perhaps for that very reason it takes in more of the facts.

According to Laski, German fascism is not at all a "new order" in the deeper historical sense of that term. It is an adaptation, rather, of traditional German imperialism to post-Versailles conditions; and the weakness of the Nazi scheme lies in its "dependence upon conquest

without in order to maintain its conquest within." Recent events in Italy have brought to light some of the realities behind the façade of dictatorship, thus showing up the elements of fantasy in those sensational theories of fascism that some years ago, under the impact of Hitler's initial victories, were received as great revelations.

Fascism is the terror-régime of aggressor-states — terror first applied internally, and later, with multiplied brutality, externally, whenever the opportunity for military adventures and the seizure of foreign territory presents itself. It is a mistake, however, to consider fascism a "new order" in the same complete and scientifically valid sense in which capitalism, for instance, is a new order as compared to feudalism. The fascists are pleased to picture themselves as the representatives of a system that is super-efficient, super-modern and super-real. But that is hardly a reason why we should flatter them by taking their word for it.

II

One wishes that Laski had been as faithful to the facts in his analysis of Russian communism as he is in his analysis of fascism. Though he recognizes the totalitarian charac-

ter of the Soviet state, he has not altogether freed himself from certain illusions concerning its inner structure and basic aims. He argues that even if political democracy is non-existent in Russia, one can observe there the "effective beginnings of a constitutional democracy in industry." This is supported by that statement that whereas in other countries the rules of an enterprise are set by its owner, subject only to the concessions exacted by the trade unions, in Russia these rules are "genuinely the outcome of a real discussion in which men and management participate."

This is nothing but political romanticism. Laski brings no factual evidence to support his statement. And what exactly is implied by that artful word — "discussion"? In its Soviet context it can only mean that the workers are periodically herded into mass-meetings where they are given their orders and made to listen to pep-talks.

If Laski means to say, however, that the Russian workers are in any way free to speak up for themselves, then the one explanation for such foolishness is that he has dipped a little too often into the voluminous writings of the official "friends" of the Kremlin.

All that is necessary is to consult the Soviet press to realize that the people of Russia have long ago been deprived of all means of self-defence against the arbitrary demands of the monopolistic State, which is the sole employer and which determines at will the conditions of labor. Stalin has divested the trade unions of even the nominal independence which they once enjoyed. Now these unions are organs of the government, and the workers can no more look to them for redress of grievances than to the Secret Police. And there is no use trying to disprove such facts by citing the skill and valor of the Russian people in their fight against the Nazi invaders. The Soviet war record, unexampled in history, is to be explained by other factors, quite irrelevant to the issue whether Stalin is a benevolent dictator or not.

Laski's book is further weakened by his failure to come to grips with the problem of Soviet foreign policy and with the rôle that the communist parties may be expected to play in the postwar world. These are matters of the utmost importance; to ignore them is to conduct the discussion in a vacuum. Instead Laski indulges in speculations as to the future of the Stalin régime, and on that score he is al-

together too sanguine, it seems to me.

He thinks that the dictatorship will gradually transform itself into a democracy once the danger of external aggression is removed. "When they [the Russians] have that confidence, the democratic concessions from the dictatorship will follow rapidly. But . . . an atmosphere of international security is the necessary prelude to its coming." Here, too, is an implicit apology for communist totalitarianism, in that the responsibility for its crimes is shifted onto the foe beyond the frontiers.

What must be remembered is that even if the danger of external aggression recedes, it is always possible to re-invent it. Hitler was very adroit in conjuring up secret enemies, foreign plots, and the "threat of encirclement" to justify his murderous acts. The primary interest of the Stalinist dictatorship is self-preservation; from first to last it is concerned with its own special needs, and only secondarily with those of the vast country it rules.

There are only two ways by which it can be overthrown: either through external blows, such as destroyed Mussolini's régime, or through an internal revolution. In short, Laski's prediction that in

time the communist bureaucracy will dissolve itself is a Utopian hope, on a par with his dream of the self-abolition of capitalism in Great Britain.

III

If Laski is a Utopian of the Left, Henry M. Wriston, author of *Challenge to Freedom*² and president of Brown University, is a Utopian of the Right. Wriston's book is an attack on the New Deal in particular and on the whole movement towards a planned or managed democracy in general. The point of view is not original. Despite all the fancy talk about freedom, what it all boils down to is that the government should keep its hands off business and let the "natural laws of economy" put things right. That, mainly, and a curb on monopolistic practices, whether of capital or labor, will restore a free and prosperous world.

"A planned economy," he writes, "is the greatest modern assault upon freedom, and the more dangerous because it fights under the banner of economic democracy." Wriston bases his entire thesis on an easy identification of planning with dictatorship. But he is too glib about it, merely assuming that

they are one and the same. Nothing could be more defeatist, either morally or politically, than the notion that we have but one choice: that of letting ourselves drift with the current, as was done in the 1920's, or else bowing down to a dictator. The problem is exceedingly complex and difficult; it is the pivotal problem of our times. But surely the human mind is lively enough to devise methods of combining planning with democracy, of controlling the prodigious forces of our economy without setting up an authoritarian command to lord it over us.

For all of Wriston's rather up-to-date references, what he really advocates is a return to the philosophy of Adam Smith; who saw in the free play of material self-interest the operation of a providential plan. But Wriston dare not gaze into the abyss that separates the society of Adam Smith from ours. Consider, for example, his criticism of leaders like Vice-President Wallace who believe that our society will inevitably slide back into depression and war unless the means are found to provide the people with "full employment." To Wriston the demand for "full employment" is a sign of degeneracy and of "the sacrifice of human liberty for material benefits." The truth

² \$2.00. Harper.

is, however, that men can never be robbed of the freedom to starve — not even by the Gestapo. What men need and must have is the freedom to live, and the opportunity to earn a living is the essential prerequisite of such freedom. The phrase “full employment” seems to rile Wriston, and he worries it till it yields the results he wants. Finally he gets down to the really childish objection that there are all kinds of groups “which on the ground of efficiency alone we do not wish to employ: the insane, the morons, and the hopelessly inefficient.” This is a fair sample of the construction this writer puts on the ideas of his opponents.

Above all Wriston could use a few lessons in realism. He might take one from Walter Lippmann, who, in enumerating the conditions that led to the failure of the peace after 1918, had this to say in a recent column:

The second cause of the failure was that we did not understand why in this century a condition of reasonably stable full employment must be a paramount purpose of national policy. . . . The involuntary unemployment of able-bodied workers has in the modern world become intolerable. It is intolerable because they have votes and political power and enough edification to use them. It is intolerable because, owing to the progress of economic science, involuntary unemployment has become a preventable disease.

If the author of *Challenge to Freedom* is actually as concerned with the survival of freedom as he claims, then he ought to keep in mind that Hitler's coming to power would have been prevented and World War II averted if, in the early 1930's, the Weimar Republic had been able to provide work for its millions of jobless citizens. But such primary facts seem beyond the comprehension of our Utopian conservatives.



(Continued from page 388)

THE CASE FOR MRS. SURRATT, by Helen Jones Campbell. \$3.00. *Putnam*. Apparently the first full-length study of the unhappy Mrs. Surratt, who was executed by a military commission in Washington on July 9, 1865 for complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln. The evidence leaves one with grave doubt as to her guilt. A sound contribution to the history of the times, and fascinating reading.

THE WORLD OF SHOLOM ALEICHEM, by Maurice Samuel. \$3.00. *Knopf*. Sholom Aleichem was the greatest Yiddish humorist. His stories and sketches mirrored the life of Russian Jews about fifty years ago. Here Maurice Samuel re-creates in English the towns, the people, the very accent of that distant life. He has written a beautiful book, at once amusing and touching.

TEARS, by Angelica Balabanoff. \$2.00. *E. Laub Publishing Co., New York*. Over and

above its emotional and poetic values, this book of poems has a curious interest as a unique literary performance. Dr. Balabanoff, a Russian revolutionary who has made the world her home and her fatherland, here presents her poems in Russian, German, Italian, French and English. In some instances they are the same poems adapted by the author into the five tongues; in others they appear in only one language. But they are not translations. Dr. Balabanoff has written them all. As the Italian poet and labor leader Arturo Giovannitti says in an introduction: "This book is not a stunt, nor a *tour de force* to show off the polyglot prowess of its author, but it is rather the flowering of a vary-hued plant of a remarkable intellect which is indigenous to all lands where men suffer, struggle and die." Dr. Balabanoff's themes are closely related to her life's work as a socialist leader, and their strongest virtue is an intense sincerity.

HISTORY OF BIGOTRY IN THE UNITED STATES, by Gustavus Myers. \$3.50. *Random House*. Mr. Myers worked on this book for seventeen years, finishing it only a month before his death on December 7, 1942. It is easily the most complete study of the subject that has yet appeared in print, beginning with the intolerance of the Puritans and taking in the Coughlinites of today, and future students will lean heavily on it. One hopes, however, that they will dig more deeply into causes than Mr. Myers did, and that they will point out, among other things, that the persecuted of one generation have sometimes been the persecutors of another. The index to the present volume is far too skimpy; it should be at least five times as long.

JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS, by Eve Curie. \$3.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. In November, 1941, Miss Curie began a five months' tour of the war fronts. She traveled about 40,000 miles and visited nearly every battle area, often coming perilously close to the combat lines. Everywhere she talked to those who were in the thick of the struggle, women

auxiliaries and common soldiers as well as generals and admirals. Here she reports what she heard and saw, and while in detail she reveals little that is new she brings to her narrative a warmth and understanding of people and events that somehow lift her book to a level more enduring than journalism.

THE MAKING OF MODERN BRITAIN, by J. B. Brebner and Allan Nevins. \$2.50. *Norton*. A short but remarkably comprehensive history of Great Britain from earliest times down to the outbreak of World War II. The authors are probably as objective as is humanly possible. There are chronological tables of sovereigns and prime ministers and "suggestions for further reading."

AMERICA'S NAVY IN WORLD WAR II, by Gilbert Cant. \$3.75. *John Day*. A detailed account of American naval engagements in World War II from Pearl Harbor to the final victory at Guadalcanal in February, 1943. Mr. Cant takes no sides in the battle-ship-airpower controversy, giving credit to both when the facts call for it. There are many photographs, battle diagrams and valuable appendices.

THE OTHER AMERICANS, by Edward Tomlinson. \$3.00. *Scribner's*. A series of informal, chatty studies of the Central and South American Republics by a man who has known them intimately over many years. The writing and general approach are simple enough for the tabloid reader to understand. There are many illustrations.

SILENT ENEMIES, by Justina Hill. \$2.50. *Putnam*. A first-rate popular discussion of the diseases, especially infections, intensified by war — their origins, their rates of progress, the old methods of cure, the more recent ones, and the very latest therapeutic methods learned on the battlefields of World War II. Dr. Hill, who is associate in urology at the Medical School of Johns Hopkins University, writes with remarkable clarity and verve.

MOSCOW DATELINE, 1941-1943, by Henry C. Cassidy. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. A straightforward, unpretentious piece of reporting, well and at points entertainingly written, by the Associated Press correspondent in Russia during two crucial years. Cassidy's account of the major military actions is the clearest that has come out of Russia in English. It's not smothered in rhetoric or political debate.

Without pretending to prophecy, the author does venture the guess that Russia, when the victory is won, will remain "socialistic, atheistic, and autocratic" and that Stalin "will remain the autocrat of Russia" as long as he lives, with perhaps a dash of benevolence as he ripens in power.

The first chapter of *Moscow Dateline* offers valuable testimony on the question whether Stalin expected a German attack. According

to Cassidy the Russian leaders counted on the continued success of their appeasement efforts. Outside Russia, in the spring of 1941, Hitler's attack was expected, but "in the censor-tight cylinder of Moscow, no one knew, not the foreigners, not the Russian people, not the Soviet leaders." The press and radio continued to denounce "Anglo-French warmongers" of "the second imperialistic world war," and warnings from British and American sources were denounced as attempts to "provoke" a break between Stalin and Hitler. To overcome these provocations by Sir Stafford Cripps and others, Stalin found occasion publicly to exhibit his warm feelings for German and Japanese officers. The attack was so little expected by the Kremlin, Cassidy points out, that its launching found important military officials in far-off places on vacation.

E. L.



*"I always take my paycheck straight
home to the little man. . . ."*

THE OPEN FORUM

THE POSITION OF ITALIAN EXILES

SIR: Judging from Kingsbury Smith's article in THE MERCURY, "Our Government's Plan for a Defeated Italy," the State Department wants a "new leadership" in Italy. But "it wants to see it emerge from within the country." "We are not disposed to impose upon the Italian people some political movement that has flowered in exile," Mr. Smith reports.

If the State Department stopped at this point, no objection should be raised. Italy has been afflicted with infinite misfortunes during this terrible war. But she has at least been spared the curse of a "government-in-exile." Exiles have no right to impose upon their own people any movement or régime concocted abroad with the help of foreign powers. If the exiles returned to Italy as pro-Allied Quislings, they would commit moral suicide. The new leadership of Italy has to arise in Italy among those who are on the spot.

The State Department, however, does not stop with indicating that they will never set up any government-in-exile for Italy. While telling us that the new Italian leadership must emerge from within, they themselves designate the group, the Army Chiefs, from among whom the new leadership has to arise, and in addition, they know that such Army Chiefs "will be far more representative of the Italian people than some of the exiles who are scheming for personal political power, and hope to achieve it with the aid of Allied bayonets;" the American Government is not "disposed to help liberate Italy in order to make it safe for political exiles to return and stage a bloody revolution under the protection of the Allied armies of occupation;" "the lives of American and British boys are not being sacrificed to make Europe safe for

anarchy;" "we believe the Italian people will prefer to support leaders who have been through the ordeal at home with them, and who have had the courage to rise up within the country and help lead them out of slavery."

The truth is that a good many of the Italian anti-fascist political exiles are no more revolutionaries than Lord Halifax and Mr. Cordell Hull. And those who are revolutionaries, or think they are, never expected or needed any American protection. They can take care of themselves. What the Italian exiles expect and have the right to expect is that after so many resounding proclamations about the "four freedoms everywhere in the World," the commanders of the Allied Armies and the stuffed shirts of the Foreign Office and the State Department do not "freeze" the present Fascist leaders in authority, but as soon as possible re-establish in Italy freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of association, and while enforcing public peace, they give the Italians a chance freely to choose their own local and national leaders through regular elections, even if they throw out of the window, those army chiefs who have been chosen by the above-mentioned stuffed shirts to act as leaders emerging from within the country.

What the exiles are entitled to demand from the above-mentioned stuffed shirts is that they should not keep them "frozen" in America while the Fascists are "frozen" in authority in Italy. After being forced by Mussolini to go into exile, they should not be kept in exile by President Roosevelt acting as Mussolini's trustee. The exiles have no right to rule Italy from America. But they have the right to return to Italy as soon as they can, at their own risk and peril, as

private individuals, and as such to have their share in local and national activities. If they are adopted as local and national leaders, they will have to be accepted as "emerging from within the country."

If the wise men of the State Department had no other aim than preventing "chaos and anarchy" from spreading over Italy, they would "freeze" in America communists, anarchists, and other authentic revolutionaries. This would not be in keeping with the principles of the American Constitution, which do not entitle them to worry about revolutions arising in other countries. But it would be logical from the standpoint of the conservative internationale, the only internationale which really works. However, the State Department intends also to prevent men like Sforza or Don Sturzo from returning to Italy. These men are neither communists nor anarchists, but they would never have a hand in the hoped-for dealings between the Italian Darlans and the American and British stuffed shirts. This is why they also have to be charged with hankering after chaos, anarchy, and bloody revolutions.

Last but not least, the exiles are entitled to tell those British and American wise men who, until yesterday, dwelt on friendly terms with Mussolini and took part in Ciano's beach parties in the pleasant company of Ciano's blondes, that they should learn that modicum of self-respect which is indispensable not to smear people who are denied the opportunity for rebuttal. Each one of those men and women, in fighting Mussolini in Italy before going into exile, had to possess greater personal courage than the British and American diplomats needed while stroking the legs of Ciano's blondes on the beach at Ostia. If the exiles left Italy and suffered distress and poverty, they did so because there was for them no other way of saving their liberty, nay, their lives, and persisting in their fight. There is no doubt also that those men would be happier today if they were on the spot to fight the King and Badoglio. But the last people entitled to charge them with cowardice for not being on

the spot are precisely those who have decided to keep them in America and not to allow them to go back to Italy.

When the Italian consuls left the United States in 1941, they gave their agents instructions to the effect that they should subscribe to war bonds, take part in demonstrations for "national unity," make a display of 100 per cent Americanism, shout long life to Roosevelt, but give no truce to the anti-fascist exiles, smear them, demand that the American government keep them down. Mussolini's and Ciano's personal friends installed in the State Department are loyally carrying out those instructions. This is to the credit of neither their moral complexion, which does not matter to diplomats, nor their intelligence, which should matter even to diplomats.

The present writer is no longer an exile. He took, in dead earnest, his oath of allegiance to the Constitution of the United States, and therefore cannot have any schemes for personal political power, even if his age did not tell him that he must have other cares to worry about than political ambitions. But as an honest American citizen he feels the duty of protesting against the insulting insinuations of the spokesman for the State Department against the Italian political exiles who, as guests of this country, are not in the position to give a lesson of decency and fair-mindedness where it is so urgently needed.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

*Cambridge,
Massachusetts*

JUSTIFYING WASTE

SIR: Every time Senator Harry F. Byrd, or some other economical Daniel in the lion's den, speaks out against waste in government, several noted liberals can be depended upon to answer him at length — in defense of waste! This makes it seem that all liberals are in favor of being liberal with our needed manpower, money and materials. As the country lawyer said: "I deny the allegation and defy the alligators." Since when has it become

necessary for a liberal to believe in waste — even by the government?

Those who condone waste point out that we are fighting a war on a scale hitherto unequaled in our history; that our government today is performing functions for the voters never hitherto dreamed of, and that a certain amount of waste is inevitable. All this may well be true, but no honest citizen can overlook pertinent facts that are most germane today. England, with approximately one-third our population, has only one-sixth as many civilian employees as our nation. Literally hundreds of our 2240 peacetime government agencies still are on a peacetime basis, with as many employees as ever, although their functions might have been taken over *in toto* by new war agencies.

Most damaging of all the facts which implement Senator Byrd is the large number of new agencies being set up, apparently without rhyme or reason, unless you consider the political implications. I could name many of these agencies, but two should suffice. The first is the Board on Geographical Names, with 135 employees and more to come, whose sole function seems to be to teach us how to pronounce geographical words correctly. The other is the Committee on Congested War Areas, whose highly-paid directors in each congested area will simply "coordinate" the activities of other government agencies in sight, although ostensibly the Office of Civilian Defense, the War Manpower Commission and any number of other agencies already are "coordinating" one another to a fare-thee-well.

Washington citizens who are honest know that the present duplication in efforts among dozens of agencies is not only conducive to soul-killing lethargy, but spreads cynicism and despair among all who try to remedy what one magazine calls "the withering blight of bureaucracy." I, for one, am convinced that if we cannot learn to govern ourselves efficiently, certainly we will never learn to help a world government pass through the elementary steps. If it is liberal to waste energy, time, manpower and money during

wartime, I am afraid you are going to have to write me off as a black reactionary.

LARSTON D. FARRAR

Washington, D. C.

THE VULTURE

SIR: Referring to Alan Devoe's splendidly written article, "The Vulture, Emblem of Death," in the May issue, I wish to take exception to his remark that "A vulture detects earth's dead by sight, not scent," and present three personal observations which would seem to prove that this bird also detects his food by his sense of smell:

(1) I have frequently discovered vultures, or "zopilotes," feeding on dead animals lying hidden in the dense vegetation of tropical Mexico where it is impossible for the carcass to be seen from the sky above due to the interlaced foliage overhead.

(2) In the regions of petroleum exploration of this same country where large accumulations of oil often form in depressions or pits from oil seepages or careless drilling methods, animals will often be entrapped by the oil during the night and by morning are entirely covered after their struggles are ended. By mid-day the location will be surrounded by vultures waiting for the body to become so decomposed that the gases will raise it high enough above the surface where they can feed on it.

(3) A certain refinery in this country purchases lard oil in five-gallon cans for the manufacture of certain greases. After being dumped, the empty cans are temporarily thrown on the ground outside the grease plant building. There is no animal life within the square mile occupied by the entire oil refinery, yet on the days the cans are dumped, the area is surrounded by vultures fighting over the fragments of lard left remaining in the empty cans. As no bird ever alights on the discarded kerosene or oil cans of similar appearance lying on piles near by, the only explanation is that they must certainly detect their food by their sense of smell.

It is also my opinion that these birds must also have an extra sense which enables them to

detect impending death. They never approach live and healthy animals but immediately surround the locality of a wounded or dying animal or human being and wait patiently for life to leave the body. The first points of attack are the eyes and tongue and later the entrails which begin to bloat up almost immediately after death in this tropical country.

FRED DEAN SMITH

New York City.

SIR: The question of whether vultures find their food by sight or by scent has been argued among naturalists for many years. Darwin was convinced, by his experiments, that smell is of no importance and that sight leads the birds to food. Charles Waterton, an experienced observer of vultures and a convincing controversialist, was equally positive that the olfactory sense is the guide. There are massive, and confusing, accumulations of evidence on behalf of both theories.

My own guess, on the basis of such field observations as I have made, is that when vultures soar and circle at a great height — perhaps their commonest procedure when hunting — they rely on sight, not scent, to reveal the corpses on the earth far below; for there is abundant evidence of the extraordinary eyesight of many birds of prey, and little evidence to suggest that any creature can detect the odor of a small dead animal from a height of thousands of feet (much less, of course, detect *dying* animals, which naturally give off no odor of putrescence). But, when vultures fly at low altitudes, as they sometimes do, or when they alight in forest tree-tops, it seems probable enough that their large (and presumably acute) nostrils inform them of the whereabouts of the dead.

Mr. Smith's letter is a valuable addition to the evidence. Have other readers any observations they would care to send me?

ALAN DEVOR

*Hillsdale,
New York.*

GIDEON PLANISH

SIR: As long as icons continue to be worshipped, the time for iconoclasm, contrary to

Maxwell Geismar in his review of *Gideon Planish* in the May *MERCURY*, has not passed. And so it is good to have somebody like Sinclair Lewis, a specialist on the subject, volunteer to help us recognize an icon when we see one; the more so, as the method of instruction in iconology employed by him is rather pleasurable.

S. LOMANITZ

*Oklahoma City,
Oklahoma.*

CORRECTIONS

SIR: Much to my regret, I learn that I made an error in the use of a name in my article, "Dark Day in New England," in the April *AMERICAN MERCURY*. Actually it was Col. Abraham Davenport, and not John Davenport, as I had it, who demanded that candles be brought and that the Connecticut Senate proceed with its business when Hartford was blanketed by sudden darkness on May 19, 1780.

I slipped on that point through the misreading of an encyclopedia sketch of John Davenport, son of Abraham. The error was brought to my attention by another John Davenport, formerly of Connecticut, now of Miami, Florida, who is a great-great-grandson of the courageous Colonel.

My apologies to the Davenport family and to *THE MERCURY*.

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

New York City.

SIR: In the September Clinical Notes, I stated that Leopold Stokowski had been entirely without experience as a symphony conductor when he was appointed head of the Cincinnati Symphony. I was wrong. It was a case of "almost" rather than "entirely." I have since found, to my dismay, that the gifted Leopold did in fact conduct a few summer concerts of minor importance in England before receiving his Cincinnati appointment.

WINTHROP SARGEANT

New York City.

an opinion about opinions...

IN THIS opinionated land of ours, there are many magazines of opinion. Which is all to the good. But some opinion is just talk—and other opinion is the kind *that makes things happen*. That is the only kind that interests THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

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Lawrence E. Spivak

PUBLISHER



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